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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY

OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1938

An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People.

Twentieth Annual Edition

ILLUSTRATED

Edited by
ATHIE SALE DAVIS

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
ATHIE SALE DAVIS, *Publisher*
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By Athie Sale Davis

FOREWORD

This Twentieth volume follows the plan first adopted in compiling these Anthologies.

Doctor Davis had long held the idea that there was a relation between the poems published in newspapers and the sentiment of the people regarding current events. He decided to attempt to prove the theory.

Early in 1919, through press clipping agencies, he began gathering material. At the end of the year he selected from this material those poems that seemed to have a bearing on the events of the year.

The poems were then classified and tabulated. Only those poems were selected that seemed to possess sufficient merit to entitle them to preservation.

Then the first volume, the Anthology for 1919, was published.

Since 1920 the poems have been received direct from authors and newspapers. This has proved very satisfactory. For this year's volume I received over forty-six hundred poems.

At the end of the first decade Doctor Davis stated that he was convinced that the newspaper poems were truly an indication of the trend of public thought and he eagerly looked forward to another ten years of this study. After his death in 1932 I continued the work according to his wish.

This Anthology closes the second decade and the poems presented herein speak for themselves.

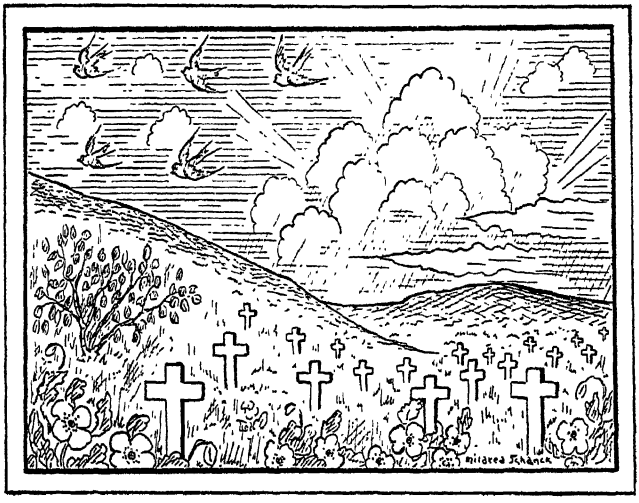
I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to the authors, columnists and publishers for the material used in this book.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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O LET ME SLEEP

(Illustration by Mildred Schanck.)

O let me sleep just where I fell
Beside my comrades in the dell,
 Under the grass and goldenrod,
 Out where the blushing poppies nod
And softly whisper, "All is well!"

A peace that casts a hallowed spell
Beyond the dark and silent cell
 Enfolds me here beneath this clod,
 O let me sleep!

Until I hear the parting knell
And feel His great heart throb and swell,
 Let be my shield this tufted sod,
 Let be my safe Protector, God,
With whom at last my soul shall dwell.
 O let me sleep!

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

My heart felt strangely warmed;
God seemed to be so near.
My very being seemed transformed.
His voice was saying: "Have no fear!"

My life became no longer mine.
God took it for his own.
My raptured soul was His; "'Tis Thine,"
I said, "And I am Thine alone."

"Speak, Lord, for I am Thine; send me,"
My Soul began to sing.
"My Grace will all suffice for thee,"
I heard as rustle of a wing.

"Comfortless, I will not leave thee,"
The Master truly said.
How dear His call: "Come unto me!"
How blest the way He led.

J. Mitchell Pilcher

The Alabama Christian Advocate.

CHRIST LOOKS ON WAR

On each new war the Christ, surprised,
Gazes in sad dismay
To find the world uncivilized,
Even as in His day.

He sees death pouring from the sky.
The screaming shell he hears,
Sees little children bleed and die;
His eyes are filled with tears.

The light about His head grows dim;
The Man of Sorrows mourns,
For so the world returns to Him
Once more His crown of thorns.

Una Morce Gibson.

The Alhambra (Calif.) Post-Advocate.

YOUR SONG

Beneath the window of my heart
You sang of morning wonder—
And all my chains of discontent
Burst suddenly asunder.

Now when I feel their grip again,
When storms of living thunder,
I lean to hear you singing still
Your song of morning wonder!

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Lucia Trent.*
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

A DOUBTING THOMAS TO A MOCKING BIRD

If it be mockery to melt your heart and splash
The molten magic out in shimmering globes
Of melody that, day or night, bewitch, abash,
Let me be mocker, too, whom song disrobes!

If it be mockery to sing when all is dark
Except your song and faith from which it flows,
Aware that light endures albeit you see no spark,
Let me, too, mock at shades when eyelids close!

Let me set fire in song to every dread and doubt
With half your gaily passionate nonchalance!
Let me—untimely, too—ring skepticism out!
No atheist for long can hear your trance.

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Ralph Cheyney.*
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

SUBSTITUTE

The cup is drained and crushed;
The ecstasy is stilled;
No longer can love fill the day,
But lies forever killed.

The bitter words which wrenched
My baffled soul apart,
Now lie like heavy jewels
Weighing down my heart.

And where there once was life,
There now is but a shell . . .
But wait! There goes a handsome lad,—
Perhaps he'll do as well.

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Helen McGaughey.*
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

TRAVELLER

I can't
Convince myself
With tracing roads
On maps, my gypsy feet
Must walk the hidden trails for
Real content.

Elenore Randall Lamkin.
The Altadena (Calif.) Press.
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

MEADOW LARK

Five notes break through the early light,
Spilled on the air to left and right,
Suspended like a strand of pearls
That scintillate in glowing swirls;
Five notes that have no depth, no height,
Their airy motion stopped in flight;
Five notes that rouse a sleeping world
While yet the morning-glory's furled
And dew lies in the roses' throats,—
A meadow-lark's five vibrant notes
Wing out and upward to the sun
And lo! the morning has begun!

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Grace Sayre.*
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

MISER

His bony fingers eagerly reach out
To gather in his pile of glittering gold.
In contrast with the riches all about,
His soul appears impoverished now and cold.

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Sibyl Pommer.*
"Peeks and Peaks With Ralph Cheyney."

I HEARD NO VOICE IN OLD JERUSALEM

O Voice of many ages;
Of law and priestly vow,
Amidst thy azure mountains,
Why art thou silent now?
Kings brought thee gold and silver
And gems from o'er the sea—
O Voice of Old Jerusalem,
What change is wrought in thee!

Thru these earth's vast commotions
Why dost thou lie asleep?
O Salem, silent city,
For thee the angels weep.
On all the world's high places
Thy exiles men condemn—
Is there no one to answer make
In Old Jerusalem.

Why doth thy harp's wild numbers
Not bid thy sons awake
And raise the shield of David
Again for Zion's sake?
Hast thou no power to quicken
A Gideon for thee;
To flame a bold young Bethlehemite;
Or rouse a Maccabee?

O thou of many ages,
Of law and priestly vow;

O Voice of Old Jerusalem,
Wilt thou not answer now?

The American Hebrew. *Flora Cameron Burr.*

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Great-grandma tore her silken gown
To bind a wounded soldier's breast;
And spun the warmest wool in town
To knit George Washington a vest.

Grandmother sacrificed her sheets;
She tore and scraped them without stint,
When Clara Barton wrote back home
For piles of bandages and lint.

My mother packed up first aid kits
With sanitary gauze and cotton,
And went without white flour and sugar
When Allied food supplies got rotten.

I can't imagine what I'll do
If some Big Idiot gets heady
And throws us into war again—
But, Uncle Sam—well, I'll be ready!

The American Legion Councillor. *Helene Claiborne.*

VOICE OF A BOY

There is the swing of springtime in the trees,
A deep reserve of darkness round the hill;
The lilting echo of a breaking voice
That laughs beneath a redwood, speaks of hope
To all the tired-out world. O changing voice,
Sweet disharmonic tune of unset strings,
Sing out your dreams,—in broken melody,—
The song of Galahad whose heart is pure,
Sing gallant life, and conquests yet to be,
And youth encouraging the feet of age
To follow brighter banners, passing by.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Herald. *Kate Rennie Archer.*

A CHRISTMAS POEM

O world, lift up your head and sing,
Bring beauty forth to crown your king
That you may share the peace and light
Which angels sang that starry night.

The shepherds saw a vision rare
That was for all men everywhere
Yet nineteen centuries men have set
And have not caught the vision yet.

The angels sang of great good will,
The shepherds trembled on the hill
But rose to seek the stable door
And left to tremble nevermore.

The wise men hurried from the east
To give their souls a blessed feast
For Christ was born their king to be
And set their souls forever free.

The virgin mother watched with pride
And sat his manger crib beside,
She gave her gift that glorious night
To be man's never-failing light.

Yet nineteen centuries have passed by
Since Jesus came from God on high
And we still miss the way he trod
And lose the priceless gift of God.

Calvin C. Rittenhouse.
The Bangor (Wis.) Independent.

A SONG OF WINTER

Under the dome of a winter sky,
Merrily whining a frosty lay,
The whistling winds go speeding by,
Planning their pranks for another day.

My heart rebounds to their frosty tone,
Sweetly their frolicking voices call,
"Oh come and play e'er the day is flown;"
Swiftly the feathery snowflakes fall.

The balsam trees are shouting aloud
A rippling song all the wood-nymphs sung,
Their freezing breath like a silver cloud
Is boldly all through the ether flung.

The tinkling lilt of the brook is still,
Buried 'neath the mantle of ice and snow,
Its music no longer has power to thrill,
Its song is hushed, and its voice is low.

Gaily I sing though the days are cold,
Love notes that are warm as days in June.
My spirit has entered the frost king's fold,
My heart is filled with a rollicking tune.

So I'll shout aloud, for my heart is gay,
The beauty of winter has filled my soul;
'List 'til I sing you a roundalay
While blustering snowflakes drift and roll.

J. A. Haining.

The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

AMERICA FOR ME

(Rhyme Royal)

Beyond the crowded city streets, we see
The factories and mills that roar and shake;
America would forge ahead, would be
An onward, upward centre, wide awake
For something new to amplify . . . remake!
Within the home of freedom's enterprise
The slogan is "For loss or gain, arise!"

Marianne Clarke.

The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

A SPRING CARPET IN THE NORTH

Like felted down of the fairy's wing,
Slowly its length unrolled,
As thin as the song little thrushes sing;
It gleamed, when the day was old.
Morning found it a velvet fluff,
Swollen to giant size,
A fabric of glittering magic stuff,
To dazzle unwonted eyes.
A few hours more, and, to my dismay,
Like to a secret flood,
On black there was white's curious applique;
Then—it changed to the weirdest mud!

Ethel Morgan Dunham.
The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

REFRAIN

I heard an organ-grinder's worn-out lay
And lived again to meet another day;
For miracles are wrought in simple guise,
An old refrain may sing of Paradise.

Mabel Endresen Miller.
The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

PARTING

The tree of pine.
Unbending, straight it stands alone,
The tree of pine.
Symbolic ancient Gothic shrine.
Between the mother branch and cone
A parting comes, a sighing moan,
The tree of pine.

Emma Bradfield.
The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

LIKE MOONLIGHT ON A MAPLE TREE

Your soul has always been for me
A white and shining thing,
Like moonlight on a maple tree
Or a raven's wing.
And something echoes deep in me,
A song no lip can sing.
Your hand in mine is music on
The harp-strings of my soul
And makes what else were incomplete . . .
A little more than whole.

Margarette Ball Dickson.
The Bemidji (Minn.) Northland Times.
"Silver Shears."

THE EPITAPH

He did not write
For critics' praise,
He wrote for one and all;
The critics' choice
It ceased to live
But his has lived through all.

He did not write
A lengthy poem,
He wrote for one and all;
The o'er-grown vine,
It never lived
But his has lived though small.

He did not write
That high-brow verse,
He wrote for one and all;
That icy gem,
It lived for some,
But his has lived for all.

John Harsen Rhoades.
The Binghamton (N. Y.) Press.

CINQUAINS

By faith
The great unknowns
Of life are overcome;
And confidence to gain the goal
Made sure.

Through hope
A budding faith
Assumes great strength, and grows
In forceful strides until, at last,
It blooms.

Ah, love!
The Master's gift
To all the world, to weld
It heart to heart, and draws us all
To Him.

Edwin Coulson Clark.
The Birmingham (Ala.) News-Age.

INDIFFERENCE

It matters not the time of year,
The week, the hour nor day,
If cold or hot or rain or snow,
It all shall pass away.

It matters not so very much
If friends be few or many,
They, too, will mold in solid clay—
But then you won't need any.

It matters not when night comes on
If the covers for your bed
Are patchwork quilts in gay designs—
Or leaves on your grave when dead.

Monica Shipp Cline.
The Birmingham (Ala.) News-Age.
"The Coal Bin."

THINGS I LOVE

I love to sit by a shallow stream
And watch the water ripple over small pebbles
And there weave my long day-dream
Away from the world's worry and troubles.
I love to lie beneath a leafy tree
And look up high at the blue sky,
See the leaves weave a fancy pattern of lace
And sail-clouds like a flimsy veil flitting by.

I love a cloudy sunset
With the sun gently peeping through
Cloud-castles tinted from fawn to rose-purple hue.
I love a slow, drowsy dawn,
The beautiful awakening of day,
The twittering of birds on my lawn,
The mysterious night slipping away.

I love to stand on a high hill,
Scan the deep emerald valleys below,
See the friendly, peaceable rill
Like a silver ribbon zigzagging its flow.
I love the twilight shadows,
Silhouetted trees against the sky,
The vast sweet silence
Of day's gentle passing by.

I love a dark, cold night
With embers burning low,
A friendly group and flickers of light
And shadows that come and go.
My very being pulsates in ecstasy
As the beauty of the moon's silvery light
Fills me with awe at this mystery,
The clear blue sea of the night.

Daisy Covin Walker.

The Birmingham (Ala.) News-Age.
"The Coal Bin."

BRIGHT TOKEN

I sometimes pause to think awhile
About the hemlock tree,
That all the year is darkly dressed
In shaggy greenery.

I wonder if he feels regret,
When autumns come and go,
And still on him no passing flame
Of loveliness bestow.

Once on an autumn afternoon,
As gusty wind swept past,
I saw upon the hemlock boughs
Some brilliant leaves held fast.

As if the neighboring trees would give
The gifts within their power,
Bright token for his somber garb,
To mark their last gay hour.

The Blue Earth (Minn.) Post. *Margaret Durant.*
"The Post Chaise."

SYMBOL

The fields he loved are golden,
And this familiar lane
Is fringed with purple asters
And milkweed's silken skein.

The peace he craved has found him,
For Death has turned the key,
But forever purple asters
Will speak of pain to me.

Gernie Hunter.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows."

INDIAN CHIEF

They made him a grave on the bluff's high brow,
And placed him there. He is sleeping now
With his robes and his head-dress and arrows and bow,
While the still brown river flows on below.
For many a mile from the top of the hill
He had traced the path of the current's will,
Where it wended a highway from source to mouth—
The red-man's road to the sun-drenched south.
But now he lies in that lonely grave;
He can never see where the cattails wave,
He knows not the river alive with boats,
The white man's commerce that swiftly floats,
Now north, now south, on the river's breast,
Where are sounds of whistle and engine's zest.
Here the birch canoe of the chief once sailed;
Now there is no boat of the race that failed.
His right has passed from the virgin land . . .
Were he living, he never could understand.

Alberta McMahon Sherwin.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows."

OUR SOLDIER DEAD

We come bearing flowers
To your City of Sleep;
And scrolls of your valor
We'll cherish and keep.

How poignant the silence
And deep is our sorrow.
A salute for today . . .
And Peace for tomorrow!

Lucille Iredale Carleson.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows."

FOR AN EX-HUSBAND

When I see two chipmunks playing
In their natural carefree way,
When I see two white oaks swaying
Against a sky of gray,
When I see two wild geese flying
A bold course straight and true,
Then, there is no denying
My thoughts are all of you.

Recalling youth and laughter,
My eyes are warm with tears;
And the thoughts that crowd in after
Are of sad but sweeter years,
Years when we bore together
Crushing and tragic loads:
Then I ponder, and question whether
God meant us for separate roads.

Rehge L. Rolle.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows."

MY VOW

I promised "until Death does sever",
But, O my dear, I meant "Forever"!

Laveda Lilly Lathrop.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftian.
"Golden Windows."

CAPE COD COTTAGE

There's that about an ancient cottage-roof
Endears itself to you beyond another,
Its gray slope seems to hold both faith and proof,
Its arms enfold you like some tiny mother,
Its gambrel, and its over-hanging eaves
Will shelter more than you had thought them able.

That it will welcome you your heart believes;
And what surprising scope is in its gable!
Its white fence charms you with each pointing picket,
And it is shouldered by tall hollyhocks,
Its swinging gate has mystery of a wicket,
Another time is marked upon its clocks,
And any owner that was once its share
May cross its threshold and be sometimes there.

The Boston (Mass.) Herald. *Isabel Fiske Conant.*
"Top o' the Morning."

CURIOSITY

Can one enjoy the moon,
Or does it take two?
Has every girl a beau,
Or are there a few
Who like myself must find
Something to do
The night of the ball? Well, Sir,
I'm asking you.

The Boston (Mass.) Herald. *Elva R. Ray.*
"Top o' the Morning."

SWING MUSIC

Down in the lane there's an oriole singing,
High in the top of an apple tree swinging;
Again and again, in sunshine or rain,
A message of courage and cheerfulness bringing.

Hark, was there ever so happy a bird?
Joyful, he's joyful, that is the word;
Swinging and singing, singing and swinging,
Here's where the first real swing music was heard.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Marion Sherman.*
"All Sorts."

LONELY PURSUIT

She let the winging years slip by,
 Her heart was young and free;
And all the time her feet danced high
 To Pan's wild melody.

There would be time enough for love
 And time to settle down;
The sun would always shine above
 And Spring would wear her crown.

But, white moon-rays caught in her hair,
 Dark shadows bound her feet;
And suddenly, Pan's debonair
 Song held a mournful beat.

She wanders, still, on hills at dusk,
 Playing a lonely part
In search for love to fill the husk
 That once had been her heart.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Pauline S. Chadwell.*
"All Sorts."

HOME

Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette,
 The home of a couple of no renown,
Still working as hard as when first they met,
 And still in the same mammoth store down town,
So unprepossessing, so commonplace,
 With doubtless a struggle to keep from debt.
Yet love is enthorned in that scanty space,
 Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette.

Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette,
 A view of back walls and the sky above,
Yet those who abide there all trouble forget,
 Secure as they are in each other's love.
She sews at evening on garments small,
 And whispers of someone, a stranger yet,

Whose coming one day shall transfigure all,
Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette.

Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette,
No longer she works in the mammoth store.
For someone has ventured their lives to upset,
A someone who came from the mystic shore,
Who brought such abundance of bliss and joy
That happiest teardrops their eyelids wet,
And love fills with rapture without alloy
Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette.

Let poets sing of a vineclad cot,
Or a home by the seaside with salt spray wet,
Only heaven can equal this blissful spot,
Two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette.

Dr. Walter Gardner Kendall.

The Boston (Mass.) Post.
"All Sorts."

NEW ENGLAND STONEWALLS

Old stonewalls, gray-mossed, and lone,
Remnant marks of labor's will—
In your lengths of fallen stone,
Stretched on meadowland, and hill—
You tell silently of days,
When each stone on you was laid
Toilsomely, in many ways,
Till in settled clinch it stayed.

Though your first straight lines are bent,
And your top-stones swept away,
Though your sagging sides are rent
Where foundations sink in clay—
Still around you firmly cling
Spirit-blooms of pioneers,
Ever freshly blossoming,
Through the dust of passing years.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Stephen Wright.*
"All Sorts."

WHETSTONE

The hotter the cauldron
The purer the metal,
The hotter the fire
The stronger the steel;
The shorter life's rations
The higher our fervor,
To sample and savor
Utopian meal.

Adversity, sickness,
Unsatisfied longings,
Despondency, heartaches,
The depths of despair;
They serve as a whetstone
To sharpen our courage,
They goad us and prod us
To hope and to dare.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *E. H. Clements.*
"All Sorts."

A TREE PASSES

A proud little tree
From a hill in Vermont
Where it pointed so straight to the skies,
Came southward last month
And arrived at our house;
There it cheered our city-tired eyes.

We welcomed this stranger
From the green, silent wood
It symbolized peace and good will;
We draped it with silver,
Soft lights and gay glass
With a joyous, Christmas Eve thrill.

The tree like its fellows
From the grove on the hill,

Played a part that was noble and fine
It brought Christmas cheer
With its tang of the woods,
A breath that was gentle, benign.

So our thanks, little tree,
For your visit so short—
You're the outstanding holiday trump.
And we hope that you know it
Now that you've joined
A grove in a drab city dump.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Joe Harrington.*
"All Sorts."

THE SEEING EYE

Where city traffic whisks and whirls
Menacing life and limb,
How calmly doth he brave its risks
Tho his vision's dark and dim.

With danger lurking ever near
From vehicles whirring by,
He waits the signal, "All is clear,"
From his sharp "Seeing Eye."

Along the busy thoroughfare
How jauntily they jog;
Their mien proclaims a happy pair,
The blind man and his dog.

A Heavenly blessing it must be
Like sunshine from on high;
This guide for him who cannot see—
His faithful "Seeing Eye."

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *E. D. C.*
"All Sorts."

THE EMPTY HOUSE

The ceilings sag, the faded walls are bare,
And yet a little ghost walks sadly there.

Across the sill and up the creaking stairs,
A little ghost kneels down to say its prayers.

Here in this room, where Time its dust has spread
A little ghost seeks vainly for its bed.

Doomed, through the long, long years to walk and weep,
A little ghost that cannot go to sleep.

I could not see it, but I heard it call
Through little finger-prints upon the wall.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Myra P. Ellis*
"All Sorts."

WAR DEAD

Marching and marching,
Hear the phantom tread
Of old men and young men,
Of men long dead.

Marching and marching,
See the wraithlike brave
When armies of war dead
Rise from the grave.

Marching and marching,
The ghostly ranks go—
After war is long past
Who is friend or foe?

Ruth Winslow Gordon.
The Bracken County (Brooksville, Ky.) News.

ALL OF MY LIFE AND DREAMS

All of my
Life, rolled into
One tiny
Piece of sod;
Would make but a tiny bean
In any kind of pod.

All of my
Dreams, compressed into
One round smooth
Small stone, would
Hold more priceless matter than
Marrow in a bone.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.*
"Let Us Sing."

BROKEN LUTE

We hear and know that it is the catbird's song
And not the bulbul's whose clear note soars,
That would bring the poet's Persia to these lanes of strong
Yet disillusioned American shores.

Here fall of rain upon pale terraced lawns
Of evening like dreams that fade
Among the roses of Kashmir in lost dawns
Forms no part of what our days are made.

This is a tautfaced, lusty land where tombs
Are built that dwarf the pyramids
In height and occupants, where hatred looms
Ominously, obeys what the criminal bids.

Though you and I would play upon our lute,
We cannot evoke one plaintive strain.
It cannot, will not obey our fingers, is mute,
Is broken like our hearts with pain.

Yet once when overhead the sky was filled.
With storm of stars and night became
An aria of nocturnal sounds that thrilled
It won for us a private fame.

How vain would be attempting return to Shalil
For new lutes, when stars appear and the loon
Begins to cry, nor the grove of Murdafil—
If we sing, it must be a separate tune.

We shall not know the time to sing again,
And will be silent without those stars,
With solitude, find fulfillment alone, and then
Strange barriers of ice will form our bars.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Robert L. Dark, Jr.*
"Let Us Sing."

TAPERS

Her fingers were the tapers white
And slim, that kept his house abloom,
Filling with beauty every room
And warming his heart by day, by night.

Now her dear fingers ivory-white
Lie on her breast all cold and still—
Not all the sunlight on the hill
At dawn or noon can break his night.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *John Richard Moreland.*
"Let Us Sing."

TRANSIENT TENANTS

Once I had claimed this secret spot;
The woods, the streams;
Where now presumptuous Youth reclines,
Dreaming my dreams.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Virginia Spates.*
"Let Us Sing."

EARLY AUTUMN

Heart, where are your dreams of yesterday,
Fragile and fragrant, with April eyes?
Have you forgotten the wonder-way
Of eager spring, the glad surprise
Of purple flags in an opal bay?
Heart, has grieving made you wise?

Heart, has grieving made you wise,
Wary of hurt in the breath of June,
Shown you the sharpened sword that lies
In the silver sheath of a crescent moon;
The broken wings of the butterflies;
Heart, has the autumn come too soon?

Heart, has the autumn come too soon,
Leaving you widowed, gowned in gray;
Stripping the flags from the blue lagoon
As only the winds of Winter may?
Night always follows the long afternoon—
Heart, where are your dreams of yesterday?

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Carmen Judson.*
"Let Us Sing."

LONGING

From out the ground
This spring has welled its crystal drops,
And we both filled our mossy gourds
Brimming to their tops.

"Who drinks so long will turn it dry"—
(We minded not the drouth);
Oh, that you would refill my gourd
And cool my parching mouth!

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Eloise Herring Gorham.*
"Let Us Sing."

COURIER TO THE QUEEN

I had a little sorrow
And oh, it bent me down!
I dragged it through the winter
And up to Marytown;
And there I lost it somehow
Or broke it all apart
When I saw seven swords thrust
Through Our Lady's heart.

I had a little happiness
When I was just nineteen,
So took it to the palace
And gave it to the Queen.
And in exchange for that small
Pilgrimage begun,
She opened wide her palace
And gave to me her Son.

I had a little warfare
And then a little peace,
I did some little foolishness
Just on a mad caprice.
But now I do not worry
But carry everything
And leave it on the doorstep
Of Mary and the King.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Benjamin Musser.*
"Let Us Sing."

IN A SWING BAND

Oh trombone player of the wavery gliss,
The while your errant music swells
To charm her of the vacant kiss
And him whose eyes of pain are burned-out wells—
What if they knew you stand on yesterday's
Rich country roads, a laughing child,
Looking on autumn fence-rows piled

With rusty gold of sunflowers, rank with maize? . . .
And, pianist whose leaping harmony
No quiet fool can long withstand,
If past the mask your facile hand
Fashions of sharp and flat, they once could see
Your dream of building—not with passing sound,
But with squared stones—your brooding eyes
Visions that lift from cities' ground—
White towers of steel against the steel-blue skies. . . .

Oh slim dark girl whose plaintive chorus takes
Wings on the clarinet's sob and flare—
Whose voice, upon the learned words, breaks,
Rendering more still the hushed and wondering air—
These cannot know your house of no delight,
The way of pain you walk alone—
Who takes this hour, so raucous—bright—
Blindly for vain assuagement of their own.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Richard Leon Spain.*
"Let Us Sing."

LABORER

Life-charged at dawn,
He is at dusk
Only a mute,
Dead-seeming husk.

Day has taken
His corn-bright words
And fed them to
Fatigue's dull birds.

Toil has sent
His dreams to bed
And routed the thought-troops
From his head.

Toil has hushed
Within his breast

Dawn's singing lark . . .
But give him rest—

A night of sleep—
And he will rise
With song-blest heart
And dreamlit eyes;

Eager to give
To Toil once more
All of life's apple
Except the core.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Walter R. Adams.*
"Let Us Sing."

NEW ALTARS

Our pear tree burns with a white flame,
A candle the sacristan lighted.
And though we stand breathless—
Such ineffable beauty—
Oh do not cup your hand to shield it from the wind!
(Why should we fear the brief interval
When lights are spent?
Eyes grow accustomed to flame-points,
And hearts too long at worship
Become indifferent.
It is the new altar that kindles the spirit!)
Love, we shall walk in this garden
When the long aisles are silent,
Save for a bell that tolls the end
Of summer . . .
Then, fruit will hang like golden lamps
Above our shrine,
And leaves, turned yellow, will fall at our feet
Like stars!

Ethel Johnston McNaught.
The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing."

PAGEANT OF THE SPRING

Want to see a Movie?
Haven't got a dime?
Walk in God's great open,
Hurry! Now's the time!
Eyes and ears wide open,
Oh! Don't miss a thing!
Nature's the Director,
"Pageant of the Spring."
Women washing windows,
Curtains on the line,
Boys are playing marbles,
Surely that's a sign!
Hear the wild geese honking,
See! They northward fly.
Watch them form in V-shape,
As they cross the sky.

Crocuses are starting,
Buds are peeping through,
Pussywillows showing
Grandeur all for you.
Watch the glorious sunset,
Let the wind blow through,
Look for that first violet
Smiling up at you.
See Sir Robin Redbreast,
Hear the Bluebird sing,
Biggest Show on Earth, folks,
"Pageant of the Spring."

The Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise. *Ina L. Burnell.*

PHILOSOPHY

What is it to think
When you can drink
A birdsong for breakfast?
What is it to strive,
When you can live
With a breeze for a lover?

What is it to ponder
When there is wonder
Of growing things?
What is it to sing
When with two willing wings
You can fly beyond singing?
What is to aspire
When there's no higher
Than Being?

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. *Rose Noller.*

BROWN LEAVES

Let me see brown leaves raked in heaps,
From grassy nooks and scent them burning,
Weaving coverlets where the violet sleeps,
When homing birds to the South are turning.

Let me live in a house near the wood,
Where leaves on my roof go swirling,
By autumn winds in a somber mood,
And pungent smoke from the fire is curling.

Let me walk down a long crooked lane,
Over mottled beds my steps wending,
And feel brown leaves upon my head,
A blessing to my life are lending.

The Buhl (Idaho) Herald. *Mary M. Howard.*

SO WHAT

I often pray for a bit of skill
To light up Beauty's taper,
But the thoughts that echo in my soul
Look cookoo writ on paper!

Margaret Kuhlmann.
The Caroline Progress. *(Bowling Green, Va.)*
"Musings."

DID YOU EVER

Did you ever look squarely at someone called self
In the hurry and bustle and struggle for pelf,
And though you were painted "success," even sainted,
Feel small as the tiniest elf?
If you have—some thousand times or so—
You are not all bluster and empty show.

Did you ever feel uppish—superior clay—
And strutting about in your own handsome way
Become so annoying and terribly cloying
That someone at last said his say?
If you never did, discard this rhyme,
It will simply be a waste of precious time.

Did you ever crow loudly your pert, cock crow,
Then have someone lambast you kerplunk for a row,
Take a sound basting, and know defeat's tasting,
And feel like a nickel—that low?
If so, give thanks in the setting sun
To the one who did it—for work well done!

David Raymond Innes.
The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

DAWN DISILLUSION

If dawn spells the world disillusion
I choose a lantern light
With glimmers aquiver with fancies
To guide me through the night.

If dawn means the end of dreaming,
I would forever sleep . . .
My eyes shall never need sun-glow
If it gives them cause to weep.

Sand Dune Sage.
The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

RETURN

I shall go back to see if you are there,
Perhaps I'll wait to hear your footsteps, low,
And maybe I shall pause upon the way
To listen for a voice I used to know.

I shall await with fond expectancy
Those moments which I used to hold, so rare;
I shall go back, anticipating much—
To find it all fulfilled if you are there.

Carl B. Ike.

The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

STRANGE TREASURE

Heart strings
Are funny things—
They wrap around
A bit of ground,
A road, a tree,
A house maybe.
A heart string
Broken,
Still will cling
To some token,
Trifling thing—
Faded roses—
And will treasure
So that money
May not measure.

Hearts wrap around
A patch of sod
As very evidence
Of God!

Frances M. Lipp.

The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

MY MENACE

Not from the greater sins would I be shielded
These hold no menace through the coming year;
Too often have I faced their threats, nor yielded . . .

But oh, the small temptations that I fear!
My tiny sins such giant power have wielded
That passing decades know their throb and sear!

Dana Kneeland Akers.
The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

WIND CHIMES

Wind chimes
Tinkle, tinkle
With each faint breeze
Gay little ornaments
Made by the diminutive
Japanese.

Lottye Humphreyville Athey.
The Caroline Progress. (*Bowling Green, Va.*)
"Musings."

THE BLIND BEGGAR

One day while walking down the street I heard some music soft and sweet. I slacked my pace, and looking 'round a poor blind beggar man I found. The bellows in his organ leaked, for lack of oil the old thing squeaked, yet all through Schubert's Serenade I did not hear the noise it made. The tears rolled down the old man's cheek and I was far too moved to speak, but thinking he was out of luck I gave the old man half a buck. The old man smiled his thanks to me—tears filled my eyes, I could not see. The hurdy-gurdy ceased to wheeze—I turned away, weak in the knees. Then Hoskins grasped me by the arm—I quickly turned as in alarm, and then

he whispered in my ear so low that others might not hear: "That hurdy-gurdy man's a fake, he's got more kale than you can make. If he had brains inside his tank he'd quit the street and start a bank." It may be true, I do not know, but here's what sets my heart aglow, whene'er I meet a busted gent whose days on earth are all but spent, it cheers my heart to change his luck by giving to him half a buck. If he is crooked and a fraud I leave it up to him and God.

J. C. MacManus.
The Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald.
"Rolling Stones."

STAY, MEMORIES

Dear memories still gleam when I am old
A solace for my heart when new fads tire
And I sit here alone beside the fire;
Then let me feel again fond arms enfold
And lips pressed tenderly, with faith untold
That never needed telling when desire
Came linked with love, nor needed to inquire
For pledges with those eager arms to hold.

Stay with me memories of past delight,
And lend your radiance to the earth below,
When evening tapers tint the afterglow
Of twilight, and the day is nearly gone.
Be stars of faith to spangle darkling night
And promise me renewal with the dawn.

Marie Tello Phillips.
The Catholic (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Observer.

MOTHER'S DAY

A thousand memories of you are in the skies,
I see remembrance in every star,
When over fields the peace of sweet evening lies
Tender thoughts of you come to me from afar.

A thousand pictures of you are in my dreams,
In waking hours your face again I see,
I walk ever with your presence, so it seems,
Your loving kindnesses come back to me.

A thousand gratitudes well up in my heart,
My tears and prayers weave garlands fair for you,
Rose-drifted fragrance of your dear smiles impart
Rich sent blessings of a mother fond and true!

Anthony F. Klinkner.
The Catholic Tribune. (*Dubuque, Ia.*)

APRIL

Dancing, I come, with a wild ecstasy
While my mood is intense with a bird's minstrelsy.
The sharp winds of winter have given me zest
So I laugh at the mountains with snow on their crest;
Bring garlands of flowers and pile at my feet
With lavish adornments, oh, be not discreet,
For this is the spring-time, my pulses vibrate
To the rhythm of life and the love of a mate.

"Ah, scent of the grass, allure while you may;
Earth's cloisters will hide your new love away."

Sing on poignant rapture, fill radiant skies!
We stand on the fore-land of earth's Paradise;
Desirous of beauty, prodigous romance,
Undenied, all compelling as girls in a dance.
Love born of effulgence and cosmic release
Is a low singing cadence and joyous caprice—
Impelled by blue skies, I accept tremblingly
The caress which my lover, the earth, gives to me.

Myrtle Alice McCarcy.
The Charleston (*S. C.*) *Post.*
"Choir Practice."

THE WAYS OF POETS

The ways of poets the world has not sought,
For the path to the stars with peril is fraught—
And the world loves its way, and poets their own
But the ways of poets lead to the unknown.

If you vision time only as moments and hours
And tangible things and visible powers—
It is better for you to journey alone
For the ways of poets lead to the unknown.

If you know how the things you do are done
And life seems clear as the noon-day sun—
Then keep to the path you chose for your own
For the ways of poets lead to the unknown.

If you love adventure where the star-strewn trail
Gleams with the magic of clouds that sail—
You may journey with poets, their ways are your own
For the ways of poets lead to the unknown.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Clyde R. Protsman.*
"Choir Practice."

LET ME NOT HUSH HIS SONG

Now I am old; youth has no need of me
Except as I can cheer him on his way;
My songs are sung—let me not hush his song
With aged pipings of a by-gone day.
Though I grow tired I must not check his feet,
But praise his joyous swiftness in the race;
My torch burns down but let me show no doubt
To dim the glow of hope on youth's bright face.

My busy years were such a little while;
Yet help me, God, to step aside and smile.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Coleena Cooper.*
"Choir Practice."

SOUVENIR

Blown grasses steeped in tropic sun,
Because of you I must believe
There's magic in the patterns spun
By dusky fingers as they weave.

Dream-patterns . . . oh how could they still
The gusts of winter nights and wake
The flower of dawn beside that hill
Whose cupped hands hold a silver lake?

How strange a mending-basket's brim
Can hold so much of summer joy,
Such sorcery for every whim
That homely tasks cannot destroy!

Martha Lyman Shillito.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice."

DREAM HOME

I labor in sun and shade,
Waiting for the time
When the wild crab unfurls
Its petaled beauty
Above the door of a certain Spring
When I shall hear
The ring of steel and cut of saw
Calling, calling
To the open skies of April!

God is the Commissioner
Who sets the load limit
And the distance of the haul
For all the workers in the great valley.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Helen M. Salitros.*
"Choir Practice."

SKY LAUNDRY

I wonder who's the laundry man
Up in the sky. It's spick and span;
Just yesterday
The clouds were gray;
He must have put them in a tub
And given them a hard, hard rub,
Then rinsed them with a bit of blue
And hung them out. But now don't you
Think it's quite discourteous
To dump the water down on us?

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Amy Bower.*
"Choir Practice."

PRIDE

I could be proud before the ice of your disdain,
Unmoving as a poplar tree under the winter rain.
I could stand unbroken beneath your cruelty—
But, oh, I cannot bear it—that you should pity me!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Viola Cornett.*
"Choir Practice."

AND RUMORS OF WARS

Close to earth a storm lies black.
It growls
A rolling cry that rocks the universe.
Young trees are mad, and wrench the bowels
Of the world to free their roots, with the mighty curse
Of Thor who hurled fire to break old thongs . . .
O God, plumb my soul, with my heart converse,
And string my ancient harp for nobler songs!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Mildred W. Clark.*
"Choir Practice."

IN THE WOOD A BROWN THRUSH SINGS

In the wood a brown thrush sings,
Sings an even-song of joy that brings,
Happiness at the close of day.
Azure and amber skies in turn fade away,
Blue shadows stretch across the hills,
And lengthen into purple night that fills
At last the peaceful vales.
The even-song of a thrush never fails
To stir my heart with its minor melody,
Never fails to solace the weary soul of me.

In the wood a brown thrush sings,
Sings an even-song around which
Memory clings.

Henri DeWitt Saylor.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice."

GUARDED GATES

In a quiet wooded valley of New England's
countryside.
Stands a rambling old brick farmhouse where grand-
mother lived and died.
Its many pointed gables whisper secrets to the leaves,
And saucy sparrows nest among its gingerbreaded
eaves;
Rain puddles in the hollowed walks that many foot-
steps wore,
And two old iron Beagle Hounds stand guard beside
the door.

These two old iron Beagles filled my childish heart
with dread,
Till grandma placed her slender hands upon each iron
head
And told me one was Great Aunt Anne's, the other,
Uncle Jack's,

And of the rides each used to take upon their sturdy backs.

Now when God sets his sun dogs out on either side the sun,
With morning's glad ascending, or when day is nearly done,
I have a tender fancy they are guarding Heaven's gates,
Just outside that golden portal where my grandmother awaits.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Paulina Z. Brunt.*
"Choir Practice."

FROM THINNING RANKS

These scars upon my arm? A piece of shell
At Gettysburg. It got my horse. I cried
In drunken fury, cursing such a hell
Of smoke and cannon, carnage glorified
So the strong may dominate the earth. I had
A grandsire fall at Camden; Uncle Joe
Served with Old Hickory. My father, a lad
Of twenty, fought in the war with Mexico.

Shadows of war, its bitterness and pain,
Checkered the hard won path my fathers hewed
From many a wilderness and still remain
Across a land conceived in fortitude.
I've prayed for peace—but I would fight again
If Carolina needed fighting men.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.
The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.
"Charmed Circle."

DAY OF MEMORY

(May 30)

I meant to stop my ears today
And barricade my eyes, to hide
Forgetting till the sun was gone,
But memory is multiplied.

Your voice reverberating filled
The hall of dawn like a bassoon;
Your laughter echoed down the long,
Illumined corridor of noon.

The web of darkness night has spun
Revives the brooding chrysalis
Of your wing-haunted eyes that held
As many captive stars as this.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer. *Irene Wilde.*
"Charmed Circle."

SEPTEMBER MORN

Men in a cornfield,
 Sun rising slow;
Leader chanting
 Down the row:
 "Th'ow de rock;
 Kill de sparrah!"

Corn knives flashing,
Cold dew splashing,
 "Break de bones;
 Save de marrah!"

Slow man on the
 Outbound track
Meets the leader
 Coming back,
 "Cawn worm
 On ya' shaddah!"

Tall corn falling,
Leader calling:
"Boss man
Waitin' fo' yuh!"
Hot sun on the
Leader's head,
Slow man feeling
Almost dead,
"Rich man sops
Bread an' 'taters!"

Dinner bell ringing,
Men all singing:
"Po' man sops
Bread an' 'lasses!"

William Stapleton Long.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.
"Literary Lantern."

NOT YET

The day is like a lettuce leaf,
All crisp and cool,
And moisty,
Like the damp of not too distant rain.
And green,
Like the shadows in some shady woodland pool,
Soft opalescent light
As though the sun would shine again.
Stinging little breezes
Come whistling down the hill,
There is a hint of spring-time,
But it is winter still.

Anne Southerne Tardy.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.
"Charmed Circle."

MOON OF FALLING LEAVES

(Lyric for an Indian operetta)

In the Moon of the Falling Leaves
I have come,
And the throbbing within my heart
Is a drum.
Like the stars of the evening skies,
Or as moon on the water lies,
Is the gleam of your dusky eyes—
Lo, I come!

In the Moon of the Falling Leaves
Come to me;
We shall go to my tribe, my home, my tepee.
When the winds bring the winter snow,
You shall weave, you shall cook, and sew
Skins of bear, and of buck and doe,
Come with me!
Come with me.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.
The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.
"Line o' Type or Two."

TECHNICOLOR WITH SOUND EFFECTS

The hill is loquacious with squirrels,
The meadow is vocal with larks;
And wild crocus flames by the roadside
With glittering buttercup sparks.
But deep in the fir-hidden canyon
The frosty-white traceries cling;
And the creek—lying black in the shadows—
Has no part in the cinema, Spring.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Ethel Fairfield White.
"Line o' Type or Two."

HUSBANDMAN

These little scraps of memory,
I store them one by one
As husbandmen may gather
Grains ripened in the sun.
And these shall be my solace,
My sustenance and all
By which I glean the bread of life
No matter what befall.
Though winter take me unaware
And creeping cold assail,
I'll list my stored up memories
And warmth shall prevail.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Clarence P. Milligan.*
"Wake of the News."

CARNIVAL

The forest is a pageant of beauty
As autumn steals away,
Yet a thread of sadness is woven
Through the lavish Romany days;
The trees that were green all summer
Have donned their carnival dress
And each seems to vie with the other
To look lovelier than the rest.
The maples are gay, carefree gypsies
In tatters of yellow and red;
Even the proud oaks are rakish
With crimson wreaths on their heads;
The ashes are regal in purple,
While birches flash bangles of gold,
And the viburnums' magenta pales
By the scarlet dogwood so bold;
The tiniest bush has been glorified
In draperies of russet or wine,
And the slenderest little sapling
Is gowned like a fair Columbine;
The festival soon will be ended
When the north wind starts to blow,

Taking the costumes with it
To be changed into white shrouds of snow.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Milly Walton.*
"Wake of the News."

WHEAT HARVEST

These things have I seen, and it was good to see
Harvest in a year of fecundity:
Chaff blown to gold in the face of the sun,
And rivers of ripened wheat to run
Higher than ever in the bins, and the sweet
Sense of achievement, of a cycle complete;
The thirst of a man drinking water made wine
From a tilted gourd in the shade of a vine,
And the hunger of a man breaking holy bread
At the table of toil, when the feast is spread.

To have counted the increase of stable and pen
Is to marvel at matters beyond our ken,
And to watch a child sleeping with one palm pressed
In the gentle valley of a woman's full breast,
Is to know these things have been good to see
At harvest, in a year of fecundity.

C. Greenlaw Flint.
The Chickasha (Okla.) Express.

STUBBLE

I like a field of stubble where the wheat
Is in the shock and heavy with its yield,
For then the earth seems resting and replete
With peace, and yet there plainly is revealed
In some strange manner by the quiet soil,
That man has gained reward for faith and toil.

Margaret E. Bruner.
The Christian Science Monitor.
(Boston, Mass.)

ASCENT TO WINTER

As I ascend still nearer to that blue
Dome of our dwelling, bright beyond all measure,
Whose walls are studded with each autumn hue,
I fill my storehouse with its winter treasure
Of burnished bronze and porphyry and jade.
Now from this brittle leaf and moss I reap
Something of splendor that no hand has made
To fend me for the time of earth's long sleep.

Now let me gather from each hill and dale
Breath of the fern, a sprig of bittersweet
For talisman whose magic shall prevail
Against the ambuscade of wind and sleet.
Now, on a skyward stair, I pause to bind
Remembered sheaves still golden in the mind.

Dorothy Randolph Byard.
The Christian Science Monitor.
(Boston, Mass.)

SHINING POOL

He loved a shining pool,
 Reflecting the larkspur's blue
 And orange lilies too.
He loved a shining pool.

At sunrise now the pool
 Is magical with light,
 Like jewels and as bright,
He loved a shining pool.

At night within the pool
 Star curtains, fold on fold,
 The moon a marigold.
He loved a shining pool.

Katharine Washburn Harding.
The Christian Science Monitor.
(Boston, Mass.)

IN PRAISE OF WALKING

Aeroplanes see country
Like a checkered spread,
Rainbow-patterned, distant,
Covering earth's bed.

Motor cars look closer,
Road and town are heard,
Wooded hill and meadow
Scarcely say a word.

But to know the country,
Walk a blossoming lane,
Listen to earth singing,
Touch spring's counterpane.

The Christian Science Monitor.
(Boston, Mass.) *Edith Lombard Squires.*

THE TALKING WREN

Early one misty morning
As I came down the glen
I met a man from Arran
Who had a talking wren.

He only asked two pennies.
Alas, I'd not a crumb!
I watched him foot the highroad,
The bird upon his thumb.

I've searched the county over
Through boreen and through glen.
But no one comes from Arran
To sell a talking wren.

The Christian Science Monitor.
(Boston, Mass.) *Beulah May.*

LOVE AT THIRTY

The love I loved at twenty
 Was such a pretty toy—
A moon, a rose, a summer,
 A song, a girl, a boy;
Oh, I loved well at twenty,
 But not so very long;
The love I knew at twenty
 Has vanished with the song.

I love again at thirty;
 And oh, the time that flies
Has made me that much older,
 But not that much more wise!
The love I love at thirty
 Is, somehow, not for me
Unless the chains that hold it
 Should break and love go free.

Love died when I was twenty,
 And so, tonight, I pray
This love will die at thirty,
 That same old careless way.

Louise Cain Gardner.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

PLENTY DOING

In the world there's plenty doing,
 And you've heard it all no doubt,
And, perhaps, like me, you've wondered
 What on earth it's all about.

Franco smashes loyal forces,
 Seems as if they'd never quit,
Russia's busy executing,
 Japs take China bit by bit.

Hitler's doing what he pleases,
 Mussolini's sitting pat,

Jews are being persecuted,
They must wonder where they're at.

France has got a case of jitters,
Czechs are in a state of fright,
Business vows there's a depression,
Says it's in an awful plight.

Taxes climb to dizzy places,
Stocks go crashing to the ground,
Congress coolly votes for billions,
Sit-down strikers still abound.

Fascism and Communism
Spread themselves as ne'er before,
Everything is in confusion—
Does it mean another war?

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Susie M. Best.*

FOR OTHERS ONLY

"Live dangerously," we heard the despots to others cry;
But when we looked to see themselves brave risks and die,
Alas for these bold heroes; we have always found them
Woundless, with keen-eyed, well-armed bodyguards around them.

Calvin Dill Wilson.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

INDICTMENT OF DREAMERS

The clock of time and destiny describes the circle as it must,
While through the jewel-set hours we trace lost patterns in dream and dust.

Annette Patton Cornell.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

MENDED DREAMS

I have toiled and toiled at my clumsy loom,
A-striving to weave a new dream today;
But the thing I have wrought is lifeless and dull,
And I have grown weary of treadle and slay.

My warp and my woof are fully as fine,
As those that I used in the long ago;
But I have lost the lovely scarlet thread
That gave my visions their glory and glow.

So I shall mend the old dreams as best I can,
(Oh, the dear, old dreams with their scarlet thread!)
For better are the old dreams mended well,
Than are new ones lusterless, soulless, dead.

Adaline H. Tatman.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

SUBSTITUTION

They said: She can not live the night.
They did not know I heard;
Then somewhere in a tree close-by,
Faint chirping of a bird.

That morning by the garden gate
They found a fledgling, dead.
I wonder if death came to call
And took a bird instead.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Jessie Farnham.

LOST

Love hung a jewel on my heart
A long, long time ago;
A pearl set in a talisman,
And oh, I loved it so!

The road was treacherous and steep,
And somewhere along the way
I lost the intrinsic illusion
In the bitterness of a day.

If only someone could show me
The place where it fell from my heart,
My tears of regret and forgiveness
Would cleanse each filigreed part.

I wear the thin chain of remembrance,
But the locket, like youth, is gone,
And Love is a frosted autumn rose
Whose petals drop one by one.

Helen Darby Berning.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

GAUNTLET TO AN AGGRESSOR

For children sprawled in blood and tears,
Your scutcheon bears an evil blot.
Has Hate no qualms? Has Greed no fears
For children sprawled? In blood and tears
That scroll is writ. The ominous years
Grow dark with vengeance. Wail your lot
For children sprawled in blood and tears.
Your scutcheon bears an evil blot.

The Fiddler still collects his fee
And they who dance shall pay his price.
In terms the rashest well may flee
The Fiddler still collects. His fee
For children sprawled is high, you see.
Young lambs are dear . . . for sacrifice . . .
The Fiddler still collects his fee,
And they who dance shall pay his price.

Norma Jean Bunting.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

FOR A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

1888-1938

Down the long lane of years we pass,
Shaping insubstantial images of glass.

The fashions in bottles and pottery change
And the delicate patterns are lovely and strange

That were molded five decades ago.
Today we place ours where they glow

To be seen and admired, and we hope that the test
Of the years will sift out and save some of the best.

It is something that we cannot know,
But they're here on a shelf in a row.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Mabel Posegate.

UNIVERSE

I walk along the road.
It has rained.
I smell the dank black earth,
Freshly wet.
A brisk wind marches down the road
Toward me.
It bites my face.
I breathe deeply.
Suddenly I think . . .
It is good to be alive.

I walk along the road.
Cold sullen clouds, low, scud by;
All the world is gray and sad.
Though suddenly I am happy . . .
I breathe the smells
Of the dank black earth.
It is good to be alive.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Cecil Miskimen.

UNIVERSAL PLEA

Turn back to God; His countless now are dead;
The victims of man's might and power; black dread—
Mercy from Him withdrawn; our sins are great;
The world has turned to wars and greed and hate;
It has worshipped false gods and men now beg for
bread;
Turn back to God.

Take heed, O man, remember He has said
Love and not hate, but your fields have run red;
War; threats of war; rise from this low state;
Turn back to God.

None, none are spared; cruel price on youth's head;
Women and children now mowed down with lead;
What purpose served they should meet such a fate?
Our world was beautiful; oh before it's too late,
Free it, restore it from black martial tread;
Turn back to God.

Katherine Hunter Coe.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

WINE, WOMAN AND SONG

Wine and Woman work a spell,
But too brief the miracle;
I wear vine leaves in my hair
For a space, and roses rare;
Roses soon their petals shed,
Soon are vine leaves withered,
And I walk with heavy eyes
Many miles from paradise:
Steep the slope and ill the track,
But a Song can call me back.

Clark B. Firestone.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY

How black is night in the country, how still
And mellow with incense, drifting uphill.
Impenetrable night—a curtain whose folds
Cling gently, yet close, fusing all it holds,
Emotions like fear, wonder and dismay,
A helpless impotence not felt by day;
The brook's soft trickle of movement and laughter,
The wind in the trees like a sigh coming after
A day of repletion, expansion and peace—
All eerie sounds when day patterns cease.
Darkness like black clouds, intangible, deep,
Working earth's miracles while man is asleep.

Primordial night—all futilities gone—
Night knows perfection. What of the dawn?

Alice Craig Redhead.
The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

VISIONS

I shall remember these when winter comes;
White butterflies among the pansy-beds;
Black wasps intent on daubs of yellow clay
Along the fence where daisies nod their heads.

I shall remember trees whose velvet trunks
Reveal red squirrels, tense and listening,
Where sleeping dogs lie on a gray stone step
Beside a porch where shy wild roses cling.

The butterflies will be the first snow-flakes
Touching a barren tree with an empty nest;
The clouds, black wasps whose wisp-like wings
Make final flight in swift undaunted quest.

Yet through the vista of these memories
You'll move, and though you vanish from my sight,
I still may see the roses reaching forth
Unfolding beauty in their search for light.

Dreams carry us beyond today, dear one.
I am content with you, here, in the sun.

Myrtle Reed James.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.
"Philosopher of Folly."

SPENDTHRIFT

They taught me to be saving
Of everything I had,
My pennies and my pleasures,
My love for a certain lad.

But beauty comes from weaving
Rich patterns on the loom . . .
I wish I'd been a spendthrift
Like apple trees in bloom.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer. Margaret Senff.

SUMMER FLIGHT

Even now a voice inaudible to men
Has spoken softly to the blue-winged teal,
And suddenly his being thrills with zeal
To navigate the open skies again.
Black tern and bobolink alike have heard
A clear command, though not from human mouth,
And they prepare to take the sky route south
In answer to that inarticulate word.
Small worshipers of the sun, their bright advent
Gave certain presage of returning spring.
Above the woodland now on lifted wing
They go as swiftly as the brief spring went.
The summer wanes, the forest sleeps, and they
Follow unerringly the lengthening day.

Minnie Markham Kerr.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

YEA, VERILY

So when you're very much inclined
To drive your lousy hack
Plumb over some pedestrian,
Just turn your memory back
To what the old-time sages said
About slapping down a guy:
A cuspid for a cuspid, or
An eye swapped for an eye.

M. Starrett Wetzel.
The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

POETRY

Each spark of life is breathed in rhyme;
The very world is beating time.
Man's pulsing blood and mind infuse
His heart to bursting with the muse.
His feet are slaves to dance. And song
Ensnares his tongue his whole life long.
The soul is dead that, seemingly,
Cannot find life in poetry.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. M. Starrett Wetzel.

FOR EYES THAT CAN SEE

Today I saw a blind man smile,
 As kindly led by a young boy
He followed down the street car aisle,
 His sightless face alight with joy.

If he can smile, I should not sigh,
 I saw three lovely things today:
A robin and a woodpecker,
 And a saucy bright bluejay.

Martha Bolton Agler.
The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.
"Saturday Verse."

"COME TO THE FAIR"

O, come and visit Nature's fair
Of things that seem and are not there;
Will-o'-the-wisp that lights the bogs,
Mirages on the desert air;
And looking closely, you may see
Some things that are and should not be;
Frail rings that tell the age of logs,
Spring buds upon a snow-clad tree,
Audacious blooms that cannot last
Through winter's sharp, recurring blast;
A dim star, insecurely placed
Breaks free, a brave iconoclast;
Now watch a wan and paling moon
Anticipate tomorrow's noon,
Go not away in grief or haste.
The lovely things at Nature's fair
Are the things that should be there.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Grace D. Leckliter. "Saturday Verse."

CONTRITION

Father, I am ashamed of my thoughts—
 Thoughts of my heart today:
Resentment, selfishness and fear
 Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

I am ashamed of the unkind words
 I spoke in haste today;
If they were sharp and caused a wound,
 Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

Father, the kind words and the smiles
 That I withheld today;
The weary hearts I failed to cheer,
 Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

Ethel Titus Worthen.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. "Saturday Verse."

PRETENSE

With gaiety my friends enfold me,
And words of wisdom they have told me.

They fill the room with merry chatter
To make me think it doesn't matter.

They introduce each bachelor brother,
Who takes me to something or other.

Whirled in a dance, curled in a canoe,
I smile at them, and dream of you.

Although it's wisdom they have told me,
With memories you still can hold me.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Eva Sparks Taylor. "Saturday Verse."

AROUSED

(Flanders Fields—1938)

Up from the verdant fields where crosses white
Stand quietly beneath a tranquil sky,
Or tremble in the chill of autumn rains,
A sigh of protest rises heavenward,
Weighted with bitter words that sharply fall
On listening ears, "We gave our lives; we bought
For mankind with our desperate agony
The death of war—an everlasting peace.

We gave the homes, the sons we might have had;
What profit in our sacrifice? Once more
Land-hungry war lords shout their battle-cry
And terror-stricken women kneel in prayer.
The sons we might have had? If they were here
They would be marching to the roll of drums!"

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Mamie C. Knepper. "Saturday Verse."

CHINESE ROSE

Will anything be left
For remembering
When China's heart, war-cleft
Finds a tranquil spring?

Will the land forget
When cherry-blossoms fall,
War's gleaming bayonet,
His tents beyond the wall?

Pushing through the dust
Where the Yangtze flows,
Memory's thorn will thrust
From the wild white rose.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Pauline Sager.*
"Saturday Verse."

COBWEB OF DREAMS

There's a sort of cobweb fabric
That we use to fashion dreams,
And it's scented like the lilac
Through its silver-threaded seams.
It is like a fairy tissue
In the twilight of the day;
And we waste it without issue
But it never wears away.

It's a cloak that always warms us,
And its colors never tire;
Its sweet odor always charms us
As it warms us to desire.
It's a sort of cobweb fabric
That we use to fashion dreams,
And it's scented like the lilac
Through its silver-threaded seams.

It is wrapped around all mothers
And it helps them through their pain;
It's the thing that makes us brothers
To the sun and wind and rain.
It's the hope of all creation
With its misty rainbow gleams—
It's a sort of cobweb fabric
That we use to fashion dreams.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Grace Phillips.*
"Saturday Verse."

DEATH

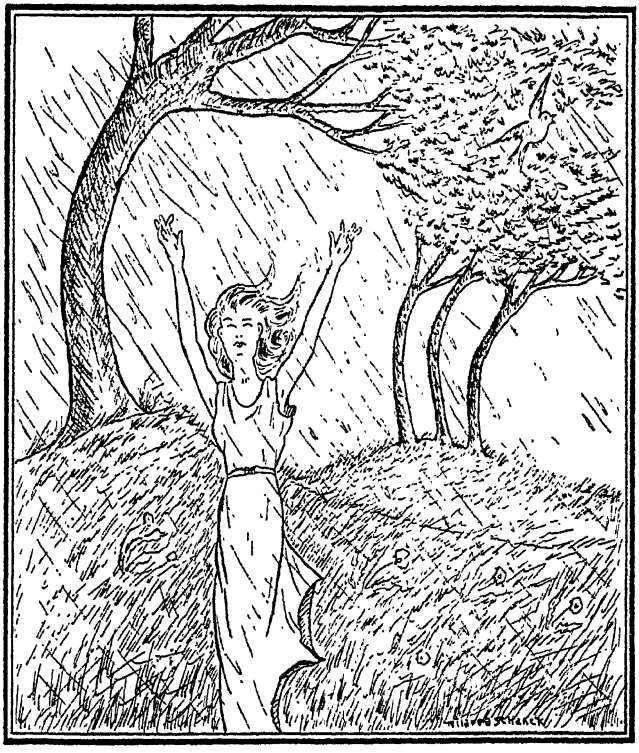
Death I think, will only be
Something we must meet half reluctantly,
Like turning from a window where we stood
Gazing upon a sunset—and finding it good—
Sighing a little as the gay hues fade—
Then calmly lift the hand and draw the shade.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Selma Hamann.*
"Verse for Today."

REPRIEVE

His head bent low, tears swept his eyes
As warm rains do the April skies;
And in a voice so filled with woe
Said, "I—I cannot let her go!"
It seemed she answered death's command.
Weeping he gently took her hand,
She paused; and in that second life
Gave back to him his noble wife!
A neighbor heard him gladly say,
"They let her sit up yesterday!"
His head was high, smiles filled his eyes
Like sunshine in the April skies.

Mary Schanck Golden.
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.



ABOVE THE LOSS

(Illustration by Mildred Schanck)

I have sensed notes in harmony
In high winds on the hills;
And known a rapture come to me
In winging warblers' trills.

I have heard music in the rain
And laughed above heartache;
Faith dominates the densest pain—
A heart God tunes, can't break!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck. "Verse for Today."

POETRY

Poetry is a burning urge,
A secret to be told.
Nor can the poet rest himself
Until the lines unfold.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Blanche Elliott. "Verse for Today."

IGNORANCE

Ignorance is a jealous traitor, imprisoning
Fast within straight gates, man in his struggle
Towards the borealis of enlightenment, pinioning
His steps with ponderous weights . . .
Chained in his dark cell, cowering, when he should
Survey from lofty heights God's limitless cosmos,
Unfolding, chrysalis-like; transfiguring
Densest night.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Florence Denham.

EARTHBOUND

Her weary mind and listless eye can never sense
The beauty in a fairyland of snow—
She drudges for food for her hungry brood,
And longs for June (no matter whether flowers grow),
A promise of warmth is enough to know.
She stands before a lonely, twisted apple tree,
And thinks of the good red fruit it will bear—
She cannot realize against the skies
Its loveliness—and if she could, she would not care.
To save expense, she does not use a light,
But sits in gloom—she does not see the stars march past;
Nor can she understand the charm of night—
She wonders if the coal will last.

Claudia M. Adams.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
"Verse for Today."

PETUNIAS

In every country dooryard,
Their petals bright unfurled,
What hosts of gay petunias
Brighten up this world!

Just a common flower
That anyone can grow,
In the poorest soil
They make a lovely show.

Like lives of common people
With homely virtues filled,
Whose owners never realize
The fragrance they have spilled.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mabel G. Parrish.

FAITH

To make a wish
Upon the evening star,
And keep within
Your heart the secret
Of its word,
Knowing that fulfillment
Cannot be afar,
This is faith.

Jane McKay Lanning.
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
"Rhyme and Meter."

TROUBLE

Trouble
In the distance
Is a mountain.
But, when you come
Close to it,
There is a path

Around its heights
Clearly marked
By other travelling souls.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Stella Jenks.*
"Rhyme and Meter."

BEAUTY

There is beauty in the lily
And beauty in the rose
When perfect form and color
Flaunts each breeze that blows;
But when the wind, too ruthless,
Despoils their tints and glows,
Leaving them torn and blemished,
Then beauty quickly goes.

There is beauty in perfection
But ugliness in blight;
For beauty is perfection—
Perfection Infinite.

The Cumberland Pioneer.
(Cumberland Gap, Tenn.) *Alice Sutton McGeorge.*
"Doing Things."

THE UNWORN SCARLET

I never knew Aunt Lee till she was old:
Thin lips, thin hair; fire gone, the ashes cold.
I often pondered her as seventeen,
Etching the pleasure Uncle John had seen.
And when they laid her out in plain black crepe,
With eulogy to virtue's unscathed shape,
I wished they might have touched her throat with lace
And curled her hair and fluffed it round her face.

But after, when the mourners left the farm,
John said, "Come little one, you're young and warm.
Something for you." He raised an ancient lid

And there were silk and lace unworn . . . bright . . .
hid.
I swirled a glossy cape, and rare delight
Glowed in him—snuffed, as though he had no right.
"Her gifts," he said. "She wore stout weaves instead.
Take this—the unlucky cape. She hated red."

(Then I recalled tales of his scarlet patch
Sown with escape, jeweled slippers, and a snatch
Of burlesque song on the Barbary side of the track.
Aunt Lee had branded these and brought John back.
After, he seemed shriveled, his chin sunk under
As though he bowed beneath incessant thunder.)

Perhaps I was too young to mark disgrace.
I only saw an old man fumbling lace.
My thoughts were muddled, as a child's can be,
With "evil," "good," and "infidelity,"
But all at once I hated plain black crepe—
I wished Aunt Lee had worn the scarlet cape.

Gladys Verville Deane.

The Concord (N. H.) Monitor.
"Wings of Song."

TO LINDBERGH

To one with the vision and courage to do
Each task, and admit no defeating;
Adventurous spirit, unconquered, to you
We lift up our glasses in greeting.

Searching new goals in each unchartered place
Your hazardous questing has sent you;
Blazing new trails into infinite space
On wings that the morning has lent you.

Modest, retiring, not seeking for fame,
Yet the world in each triumph is sharing;
History's pages will carry your name,
A viking of courage and daring.

The Cumberland (Md.) News. Sara Roberta Getty.

A PRAYER

God give me strength, that is my need
To live this day of hardening care;
Give me the will to march ahead,
And every trouble, silent bear.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Wayman Hensley.
Oak Cliff Edition.

IN PRAISE OF FORGETTING

Time, an arrant pilferer,
Treats one heartlessly
When he steals the keepsakes held
Long in memory;
But he earns our gratitude
When he takes from us
Much that would make the tongue
Bitter, querulous;
Harbored grudges, fancied slights,
Words untrue, unkind—
Noxious weeds that choke the flowers
Of remembering mind.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Emma L. Johnston.
Oak Cliff Edition.

GARDEN OF LIFE

Blooming in the garden of life
Is beauty, a blood-red rose,
And, fed by the water of time,
Through that garden a river flows.

But the rose called beauty will wither
And others will come to its place
And grow by the banks of the river
That flows with such smoothness and grace.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. William Allen Ward.
Oak Cliff Edition.

REGRET

I meant
To buy you the moon
Wrapped in palest gold,
Violets in their spicy sweet bunches,
A star for your lovely hair . . .
Rare scents to match your sweetness.

Now you are gone.
And I have only left
The many things
I meant to do
To haunt me.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Oak Cliff Edition. *Lexie Jean Snyder.*

LITTLE RAINS

Oh, how I love the little rains
That tip-toe down at night.
The little rains that walk on roofs
With timid steps and light.

They make me think of baby souls
So quietly they pass—
The little rains that tip-toe down
To hide beneath the grass.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Oak Cliff Edition. *Pearl Wallace Chappell.*

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

They sent a song across the sea,
But the dashing waves broke in
Sometimes I could not hear the words
For the water's surge and din.

I sent a song out to the world,
To soothe the pains of life,

But many did not hear the words—
Above the noise and strife.

Still I am glad I sent my song,
For somewhere someone heard,
The music and its accents sweet—
Though they did not hear each word.

Minnie Roberts Dreesen.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition.

HOMING

A gleaming ray, a streak of light
Against the deep, blue petaled night
Reflects the beams, all golden bright
Of yonder scintillating sun.
To rest!

The homing wings whir high in sound,
They rise above the cooler ground,
For warmer is the height they found
Above where silver waters run—
To nest!

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Ken Hughes.*
"Random Shots."

MOOD

I may seem glad again tomorrow;
Today my heart is full of grief.
No guise of mirth is mine to borrow,
I may seem glad again tomorrow.
This date revives forgotten sorrow,
Another year brings no relief.
I may seem glad again tomorrow,
Today my heart is full of grief.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Will Henry Eldridge.*
"Random Shots."

CLOSE TO INFINITY

I have heard God frequently
In the whisperings of a tree;
Have felt the strength of Him who planned
Man's high estate and pulsing hand.

I have caught a melody
As God has walked the earth with me;
Have found a song to heal all scars;
For I have heard life's stirring bars
Under a heaven of choiring stars.
I have heard God frequently
In the whisperings of a tree.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Magda Brandon.*
"Random Shots."

REMEMBERED

When children have a sudden fear
Their fright will leave if Dad is near;
Especially at night in bed
When dreams have left a haunting dread.

He still remembers though now grown
How fear is greater when alone.
To too was once a little lad
Whose terror faded, hugging Dad.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Guillaume.*
"Experience."

BRASS EARRINGS

She wears those earrings not because she fancies
So much their gaudy brass, as for a pride
In ancestry, that never will have perished
Till she has died.

Her fathers' fathers in the jungle darkness
Took precedence by rings in ear and lip,
Considering the white intruder wastrel,
Who thus let slip

The chance to deck his parts and add attraction
To pallid plainness. We are so remiss!
Since what are ears and lips for, anyhow,
If not for this?

John Gallinari Whidding.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
"Random Shots."

SLEEPY TIME

Your bedtime, little daffodil,
And we must climb the stair-step hill.

Now up we go . . . that was not far
With mother ahead as choo-choo car.

Just see those moon-waves upon your bed
With you, the captain, at their head.

Yes, we will cruise and talk a while
Before you drift to Sleepy Isle . . .

And "now I lay me" . . . yes, my dear,
Guardian-angels listen near.

The Denver (Colo.) Post. *Anne Phillips Hattan.*

PIONEER HANDS

Some people feel that lovely hands
Are manicured and white;
A hand that holds a rain-drenched rose
By mellow candle light.

But ah, I say behold old hands,
Their lilac veins, the lines

That tell of sacrifice, and wars;
These hands set out the pines.

Her hand has rocked the cradle
Carved from an ancient oak,
While his has fashioned all alone
The cumbrous oxen-yoke.

So when I feel discouraged
Or caught by inward fears,
I like to watch old people's hands—
The hands of pioneers.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Dispatch. *Zella Wallace.*
"Iowa Poets Corner."

SUMAC

In sober green they guard the long grey roads,
Through summer sun and rain;
When autumn sends her chilling blast
Down winding road and lane—
A ghostly cavalcade fares forth,
With creak of leather; straining trace;

Rumble of cart and swish of goad,
And feet that pace in measured beat
The long grey road; a phantom host
That blazed the trail and bore the load.
At dawn they stand like grenadiers
Crimsoned by the blood of pioneers.

Jocile Webb Pearson.
The Des Moines (Iowa) Dispatch.
"Iowa Poets Corner."

WHEN EVENING COMES

When evening comes, when western winds have sung
Their sunset hymns across the silent fields,
When, in the far ethereal depths, are hung
The myriad stars, like angels' glancing shields—

When evening comes, when toils are cast aside,
And by the flickering hearth I muse alone,
Thru gloomy years the stars of memory glide,
To light anew the shadows life has thrown.

I close my eyes, and all around me rise
Faces and forms, in mind's distinct array,
To live the past again, with all that lies
Treasured therein, and not yet gone astray.

Then, in the darkness, hands are clasped in mine,
Whose loving touches often soothed my pain,
And voices breathe, in gladness or repine
The cherished thoughts the heart doth e'er retain—

The kindly deeds—the cheering words that sent
To thirsting souls their dew, as summer's rain
Dispels the drouth, in rainbow colors blent,
They shine, undimmed by years, with lambent flame!

What though the daylight fade and darkness reign?
Along life's path the starlight lingers still;
And love's fond message comes, in sweet refrain,
To yearning hearts, their longing to fulfil.

O drifting fancies! Echoes still you seem,
Borne from the cloudland of the farther shore—
The angel songs—these visions of a dream
When evening comes — when evening comes no more!

Ed. C. Volkert

The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph-Herald.

WESTWARD

1838—(Territorial Centennial)—1938

Slowly the weary oxen trek toward the western sun,
And ever ahead of a pale faced horde, swiftly the red gods run.
From ambush, the cliff and the boulder, the red gods turn to defend.

There is death on the mesa, blood on the sage, but the red gods run, in the end.
Listen tonight in the silence, with an ear to the prairie sod,
Through the pulse-beat of a nation, and the small still voice of God—
You will hear in the prairie moonlight, the oxen strain at the load,
The creaking of hand made axles and the swish of the urging goad,
In the lead of the phantom thousands trek toward the western sun,
You will hear the sound of moccasined feet, on the trails where the red gods run.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Tribune. *Nora E. Huffman.*
"A Poem for Today."

TEARS

Tears are for those who keep
Ceaseless vigil on the deep,
For those who wait upon the shore
Knowing that no, never more
Will they return who set sail
Where the blinding waters flail,
Lashing ships in lone seas afar
Underneath the pale night star.

Anthony F. Klinkner.
The Dyersville (Iowa) Commercial.

YOUTH

I'm in love with the zest of modern youth,
With its jaunty air,
Its spirit of dare,
As it earnestly seeks for the truth.

I love the courage of youth of today;
As, facing its tasks,

With boldness it asks
For its share of the dragons to slay.

I'm in love with the youth of fire and flame;
The set of its chin,
The spirit to win,
As it gives all it has in the game.

God, give to this wonderful youth, I pray,
The spirit of right—
The strength of Thy might,
To meet the demands of its day.

The Emeryville Herald. *Tom Watt.*
(Oakland, Calif.)
"Reveries."

A SONG FOR LIFE

You who seek forgetfulness in death,
Weary ones, . . .
Frustrated, failing to find fulfilment
What shall I say to you?
What songs shall I sing?
I cannot keep silence, it weighs
In my throat like a stone.
Yet, I would not plague you with platitudes,
Or beguile you with one false hope.
O weary ones! Have I no song to help you?

I see you go unto night, that black-robed priest
That he may absolve you . . . Never, never
Can the night absolve you!
Strange shadows, but add to your terrors,
You go, tangled in the maze the street-lights weave.
I must stay you from this madness!
I cry out the words of the poet,
"It is better to live!"
Time, the grey-beard will absolve you,—
"It is better to live!"
I draw back grateful for the shadows
Lest I wound you

With that final barb—the pity of my eyes
I whisper, "It is better to live."

And I turn away sorrowing for I know death,
Only death,—can absolve you.

The Enid (Okla.) News. *Gwen Hendrickson.*

CUT AND DRIED

It's nice
To have a chart
And calmly follow it
But I know how much I'd rather
Wander!

Edith Ainsfield Wolf.
Fletcher's State Rights Farming. (Hondo, Tex.)
"The Muses' Garden."

MY FRIENDS

I am an aristocrat.
I choose my own associates.
I choose this murmuring water, and these stones over which it runs.
These are my companions.
I name my own comrades.

The sunset spreads fiery flames along the purple hill lines.
The crests burn resplendently.
These burning hills, too, are my associates.
These are the company I keep.
These are my friends.

William Sheppard Sparks.
Fletcher's State Rights Farming. (Hondo, Tex.)

NEGLECTED FIELD

Oh that my plow could waken you
With its share of shining steel
And open up long rows to warm
Your heart with newborn zeal.
Awake! there's rows of waving corn
And the kiss of robin feet,
Awake to the feel of the shining plow,
Dismiss lethargic sleep.

M. Schaffer Connelly.

Fletcher's State Rights Farming.
(Hondo, Tex.)

BEAUTY

The full moon's beauty's never known so well
As when her gold is filtered through dark trees—
Whose leafy-fingers, silhouetted, tell
Their plaintive tales in black-cut traceries.

Jessica Morehead Young.

Fletcher's State Rights Farming. (Hondo, Tex.)
"The Muses' Garden."

SERVICE

If some
Soft note of mine
Has reached the weary heart
Of a traveler on the trail
Of life
And caused
Him to lift up
A sad and drooping head
Then surely I've not wooed the Muse
In vain.

Fletcher's State Rights Farming. *Fletcher Davis.*
(Hondo, Tex.)
"Anvil Sparks."



PLANTING TIME!

The farmer follows his shining plow,
Turning the earth with its sturdy prow,
For the tangy air holds a hint of Spring
As the wild gees rise on thrumming wing
With migrant cry. But the farmer knows
It is time to plant, though the north wind blows,
And somehow, Nature's mystic grace
Sets the seal of peace on his tranquil face.

Kay McCullough.
Fletcher's State Rights Farming. (*Hondo, Tex.*)
"The Muses' Garden."

THE WEAVER

He weaves relentlessly upon life's loom,
With filmy, tangled skein at either end,
—A pattern so obscure—few comprehend
These threads run from the cradle to the tomb.

So pitiless—with wary, watchful eye—
His shuttle flies across the web of years;
The wailing hearts he neither heeds, nor hears,
Until he breaks the weft none can retie;

Those slender cords of joy, of love, of hate!
This swarthy, subtle weaver known as FATE.

The Farina (Ill.) News. *E. Lisette Herrling.*

MY GIFT TO YOU

I reach across the forest hills
Where silver streams flow singing;
I reach across the miles to you
With arms outstretched in bringing

Some little token of my love;
A thought, a song, of flowers;
Breathing still the breath of spring
Through all the winter hours:

Tea roses sprayed with orange bloom
In Grecian vase of blue,
Would be my gift this birthday time,
My gift of love to you.

Then I would add a candle stick
Lit with the evening star;
That you may croon at shadow time
A song with your guitar.

The Forks (Wash.) Forum. *James Egbert.*

AMBITION

I flung ambition like a rope
Among the stars,
Then breathed a hope
That some Immortal tarrying near
Would bind it to a glittering sphere
Then I could climb with swiftest stride
The road that leads to fame and pride.

The coil came back with startling haste;
Then since I find the road slow-paced
And rough and long and dull and dreary
To even crawl there makes me weary,
I wonder, gained, that if the spoil
Would be so precious or wouldn't soil
The burning fire that leads men on
Such roads as I've turned back upon.

The Forks (Wash.) Forum. *Elsie Barras Jermy.*

TREES

(Vignette)

Trees are
Mystic mansions,
Where pixies and
Dryads dance and weave spells—
Man comes here to meditate
Leisurely.

The Golf Leaf Farmer.
(Wendell, N. C.) *Jennie Claire Ulan.*
"Scimitar and Song."

CADENCE OF MEMORY

The Voice whispered low to a laddie at play,
(Merry he was and strong)
"The world's grown weary of war and strife,
Come, Kenneth, and give it a song!"

He echoed the strains of the storm and stream;
The birds o' a dewy morn;
The schoolman's glees; the joys and griefs
Of the ones where he was born.

Cadence and chords of a gracious home;
A kindly father's care.
Comrades around a friendly door;
A gentle mother's prayer.

The stirring songs of a stirring world;
Of silvery mystic spells;
The far-off dip of a boatman's oars
And sweet cathedral bells.

East or West where his feet were bent—
Short be the stay or long—
Ever the Voice to his manhood called:
"Come give to the world a song!"

Gladly and freely he strewed the gift,
Owning it not his own,
Till he followed the unseen path where each
Goes out from the sight alone.

Call it not death when you think of him,
Tho the eye with sorrow fills;
His voice yet rings on the city street,
On fragrant summer hills.

The Giver giveth the gift for aye
When used to His delight—
Sweeter the song of the singer rolls
Thru years of endless light.

Cadence and chords of memory;
Of silvery mystic spells;
The far-off dip of the Boatman's oars
And sweet cathedral bells.

Flora Cameron Burr.

The Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.
"That Reminds Me."

OLD TROUPER

The old-time theatres come into view,
When I reminisce about the other days.
The old has points to give unto the new,
If modern "stars" would only stop and gaze . . .
And learn that seasoned troupers had their ways;
That fame is just an evanescent thing
Like memory . . . it doesn't always cling!

There are a few that don't relive the past,
Because they're vain and worry 'bout their ages,
But I am proud that I am of the last,
That trouped around the kerosene-lit stages,
I cared not for fame nor immense wages,
But lived for my art, and that alone,
Tho oft the recompense was like a stone.

But I have had my day of sweet acclaim,
And suppose that I am quite forgotten now;
That is the penalty of fleeting fame,
But I would do it all again, I vow;
There's thrills attending each recall and bow,
That only a real Thespian can know,
When he's aware that he has stopped the show!

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Courier. Flozari Rockwood. "Ginger."

LIVIN' IN A FURNISHED ROOM

The soap got lost in the saucepan,
Where to find room for the spoon:
Your bed's doubled up in the closet—
Ha! We're livin' in a furnished room!

That corner makes a good pantry,
But where shall we hide the broom?
Dad's slippers slipped into his pillow case—
Such a nice, little furnished room!

Yes, your books must move while we eat our meal,
But, doesn't that steak taste good?
Ma cooked it all on the two-burner stove—
I don't see how she could.

And, when the lamp is lighted,
And the gas log toasting our toes;
There's as much of home in this furnished room,
As our rich, lone neighbor knows.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Joan Seward.*
"The Poet's Corner."

HOW LONG, WHITE DEATH?

White Death with bitter breath
And icy eyes
Now sweeps from northern steeps;
His leaden thighs
Astride the brittle side
Of plunging wind.
Beneath a dazzling sheath,
He deftly pinned
The earth—with frigid mirth
Embossed his name
On oaks whose fevered cloaks
Ran scarlet flame.
His hands fit cerecloth bands
Around dead hills—
Lampoons of frosty runes at window sills.

He hangs with frozen fangs
From sluggish eaves—
His hair is tangled where
Once lilac leaves
Were green—he draws a screen
Of crystal lace
To veil the river's pale
Unconscious face.
White Death with panting breath
Rides down the sky!

How long before his thong
Will hush my cry?

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Nan Fitz-Patrick.*
"The Poet's Corner."

KEEPSAKE

Grave little feet on a road of old,
Red little hood on a head of gold,
Sapient eyes on a northern sky,
So did a dear little girl go by!

Tight little arm on a burden pressed,
Reticent lips on a message stressed,
Firm little mind on a charge elate,
So did a dear little girl grow great!

Warm little heart on a wintry night,
Still little soul in a white delight,
High little head as the highest star,
So did a dear little girl go far!

Pilgrim I come to her lovely land,
Stop where the larch and the pine tree stand,
Hearing again in their cadence sweet,
Lifting and falling of little feet.

Ethel Bunce Simonson.
The Hartford (Conn.) Times.
"The Poet's Corner."

IN HUMILITY

I who will be dust,
A handful of gray dust, some day,
Why do I grieve about the things
The little things upon the way?

How small they are—
How little do they mean to me,

What imprint could they make upon
The hours of eternity?

Yet now they seem
Gigantic figures looming high,
Clouding all time with pain and fret,
Shutting out beauty, darkening the sky.

O let me forget
The foolish turmoil of these trifling things
Remembering how my body will be only dust,
How my spirit will have found its shining wings.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Ellen M. Carroll.*
"The Poet's Corner."

IN CONFERENCE

(Munich, September, 1938)

They talked of peace, while each one's nervous hand
Was on his hilt, ready to draw and fight;
They pled for compromise, though well they knew
That tanks and caissons rumbled through the night.

And with each dreaded morn the foeman frowned
Granting another racking day's delay.
Pretending to withhold the call to arms;
The while his legions gathered for the fray.

They knew that when a few more days had passed,
All talk and compromise would be in vain;
The border then become the battle-line,
And Caesar's spirit waken once again.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Robert Luhrs.*
"The Poet's Corner."

FLOWERS OF THE ISLANDS

Gently the Trade winds sigh over the palm trees,
 Heavy with perfume of flowers and sea.
Softly it whispers a song of the tropics,
 A melody in perfume it carries to me.

Ginger and Maile sweet scent of the Islands.
Crimson hibiscus like blood in the sun.
Pale sweet gardenias that die if you touch them
Myriad perfumes all blended in one.

Night-blooming cereus the flower of moonlight,
Blooms in one night but is gone with the dawn.
Shower trees brilliant, a riot of color
A thousand tints flamboyantly worn.

Jasmine, like stars fallen out of the heavens,
Leis of Ilema as gold as the day.
Fragrant mokahana, pungent and spicy
Ylang-ylang with incense of far off Cathay.

Chain of love to furnish the motif—
That binds your heart to these islands divine.
Rainbows of color and romance in perfume,
To bewitch the senses like old, old wine.

George B. Pratt.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin.
"Our Own Poets."

FOR DOUGLAS CORRIGAN

There's something in your Irish eyes—
Your eager, smiling face,
That neither boasts nor yet defies,
But wins an honored place
In every heart—your lack of fear,
Even your gay untruth
Have somehow made of you the peer
Among our nation's youth.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) News. Margaret E. Bruner.
"Hoosier Homespun."

INTERVAL

The year, 'twixt fruit and blossom,
 Stands hesitant and gray;
The hour, too soon for darkness,
 Bids brief farewell to day.

Now stilled the late lark's carol,
 The mocking bird is dumb;
The hills are cased in purple
 And dark delphinium.

And where the fox hound loiters,
 In dusk's soft interlude,
There curls the sleeping vixen,
 Walled in by solitude.

Oh day, and day receding,
 How strong the silver thread
That will not free the living
 Nor liberate the dead!

Hazel McGee Bowman.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star.
"Contributed Verse."

SPENDTHRIFT SONG

Lightly I squandered my Guinea gold
 On delicate ladyships,
With little of value in the hold
 For all of my three moon trips.

Odds and ends of a harbor town,
 Trinkety ware of foreign lands.
My silver rang when I threw it down
 And none of it stuck to my hands.

I have some coppers, dull as earth,
 In a sodden pouch I keep,
Enough, I think, to get me a berth
 Where I can lie down and sleep.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal. *Yetza Gillespie.*

CRITICISM

John Milton Smither mows me down
And stomps with "magic feet";
But still I wear a glory-crown,
And have enough to eat.

He fits his poem to the form
In latest ornate style,
Then bares his breast to meet the storm
That blusters for a while.

Inversion makes him sick at heart,
Contraction still is worse,
And dull cliche—the fatal dart—
Lands him in the hearse.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.
The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

ARMORED

The dreams I carry in my heart
Have kept the stealthy years at bay;
Though gossamer, no thrust of time
Can tear them quite away.

Within the castle of my mind
I build them on a gleaming sand,
No matter if they swiftly fall
Against my outstretched hand—

For I can build them up again,
Tall dreams . . . much taller than before . . .
Nor mind a prowling tide that plans
Destruction on the shore.

Gene Boardman Hoover.
The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

CEDAR BLOSSOM

A many wintered cedar
Formed a misty tower;
It blossomed out this dawning
With a flaming flower.
But as the sky was lighted
With colors interstirred,
The blossom of the cedar
Changed to a scarlet bird!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Ralph J. Donahue.*

PARADOXICAL

My little house is a tyrant!
Though it binds me with loving hands,
Yet they are firm, unyielding,
And constant in demands.

The house tells me if I love it:
I will mend the garden gate,
I will paint the walls, adorn the halls—
And I will no longer wait.

So I wear another season,
The suit and the hat out-of-date,
That I may varnish and mend and paint,
For the house that will not wait. . . .

But my little house is a thing alive!
I have known it to shed a tear!
It has been my pal in sorrow and joy,
Through many a passing year.

And though it may be a tyrant,
Yet when I have wandered long,
It welcomes me back with outstretched arms,
And a tender, lilting song.

Flora Brownlee Walker.
The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
"Starbeams."

EARLY FROST

The grass beneath the great elm on the hill,
In spite of early frost, is thick and green.
Somehow, the air beneath the tree is still,
As if the drooping branches formed a screen
Against the little breeze that elsewhere sways
The limbs of lesser trees. The gray-brown weeds,
Knee-high along the hillside's winding ways—
The narrow cattle-paths—shake out their seeds
With little rattlings in their hollow pods;
The dry stems quiver in the gusty air.
The hillside wash is fringed by tall, straight rods
Of sunflower stalks; the brown ditch-sides are bare.
Still farther off, along the pasture edge,
Hedge-apples still hang in the leafless hedge.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Elijah L. Jacobs.*

MEMORIES

If you remember roses against a rough stone wall,
And I the dusty, spicy scent of chrysanthemums in fall;
If you remember summer nights beyond the city's rim,
And I recall a snowstorm, and street lights flickering dim,
If we should piece our memories, yours and mine together,
Memories of wood and stream, memories of weather,
What a pattern it would make, woven light and free,
Spangled with the dreams of friends who shared a memory.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Belle Rush.*

PRISONER

I am held here!
 But I should be gone into town,
Searching for slippers to wear
 With a satin gown.
I am held here
 By the flutter of wings,
By golden notes from enchanting throats:
 Bound . . . by such fragile things!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Viola Bailey Wilson.

CONTENTMENT

The very best gift
That life has for us on earth
Is just contentment.
With it comes a peaceful mind
And deep appreciation.

Florence English Hadden.
The Kenyon (Minn.) Independent.
"Garden of Song."

TO THOSE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO

A starlight cross against the sky
Shall mark his grave as years go by.
But, his "Buddy's" grave is bleak and bare,
Unknown, untouched, no gentle care.
O stars that chart the course of night,
O Moon that has eternal might,
Touch, too, the lonely, unmarked grave,
Touch both these hearts—they both were brave,
And grant, O God, we not forget
The bravery of these men who met
The shell and fire, that we might see
The Stars and Stripes forever free.

Clara A. Clausen.
The Kenyon (Minn.) Independent.
"Garden of Song."

CLOSE CALL

Old Jim done went to jail again—
At least dat's whut I hear.
He done some cuttin' on Sam's throat
An' sliced it year to year!

De cause ob all dis trouble
An' whut cost Sam his life;
Old Jim come home de udder night
An' caught Sam wid his wife.

It sho' is sad to hear dis,
But I'se happy as can be—
If Jim had come home Tuesday night,
Lawd man, it would been me!

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal. *Fred D. Thomas.*
"Extra! Extra!"

STRUGGLE

Throughout the gloomy, dismal night
My soul will strive to reach the height
Of bliss and peace.
But then again all through the day,
The mortal mind will have the sway . . .
Errors increase.

Temptation ever proves inane:
Veracity alone means gain . . .
In life's travails.
With tranquil heart and blessed soul
I hope some day to reach the goal
Where love prevails.

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal. *Zilla Vollmer Tietgen.*
"Extra! Extra!"

IN NAMING WORTH

To place value upon a thing,
In coin of realm, some would belittle.
Seeking in song, or rhyming verse,
To find a quality above man's mettle,
Knowing full well that estate best,
Which holds to soul a kindly thought,
And that warm sun, a baby's smile
Or love's first kiss cannot be bought
For Midas. gold. And yet through all
There runs a touch of earth.

The spirit may sing, while the hands must work—
And there is no shame in naming worth.

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal. *O. Wulfing.*
"Extra! Extra!"

GOLDEN DAYS

The golden days of yesteryear
Swing open wide and free;
And all the happy hours we spent
Come flowing back to me.

Those happy hours, the hours of love
With you, O Heart of Mine,
I treasure o'er and o'er again,
And know each one divine.

Our love has never gone, my dear,
But aged in mellow tune;
And every hour that we have left
Shall be like days in June.

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal. *R. R. Hemingway.*
"Extra! Extra!"

DEAR HOUSE

Dear house, oh do not haunt me so!
It was reasonable to let you go.

In broad daylight, when I have sight,
It is so plain.
No one to borrow from, no way to turn,
Or hope of gain.
No matter how the heart might plead and yearn,
You had to go.

But oh at night, without the light,
I'm not so sure.
In frantic dreams I rush to you;
And beat your door.
In ecstasy I race about each room;
Mine many years,
Until startled by a stranger's voice,
I flee—
Blinded by my tears.
Dear house, oh do not haunt me so!
It was reasonable to let you go.

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal. *Lucile Withers.*
"Extra! Extra!"

YOUTH SPEAKS

If we keep faith with men who lie
In far-off France, we need not die
On foreign soil. The right to life
Was their bequest. Through bitter strife
And broken hopes, we hear their cry . . .

"Let false alarm and threat pass by."
The Stars and Stripes shall float on high
And happiness in homes be rife
If we keep faith.

We find a sweeter, dearer tie
Instead of grief, the tear or sigh;
Forget the bugle, drum, and fife;
We claim our right—a happy life;
No human joy shall pass us by
If we keep faith!

The Liberty (Mo.) Advance. Gladys Naomi Arnold. "Food, Fact and Fancy."

SONNET TO A BIRD

The golden coins of music you have spent
Across her silver balcony, my bird,
Are sweeter than the melodies which stirred
The heart of Juliette with sweet content
When Romeo one night a wooing went,
For as they spent each farewell, precious word
It must have found life in your song just heard
To bring the joys for which those two were meant.

For in the music spilling from your wing
To her high balcony above the world
Surpassing melody by Bach unfurled,
I feel the stir of some immortal thing.
The glory which springs from such love as theirs
Lives on and on in your immortal airs.

The Liberty (Mo.) Tribune. *Eris Goff.*

PIONEER MOTHER

Little woman of long ago
I humbly bow to you,
I am so glad you did not fail
The task God gave to you.
Little woman, how brave you were
To face the weary days,
As on the barren plains you trudged,
Bound humbly on your way.

Day after day your toil was great,
But you did not complain,
Of burdened back or heavy load,
Of hunger or of pain;
Nor did you stop to rest your tired,
Sore, stiffened limbs at all,
Your weary head, and heavy feet
Until the night should fall.

Your bed, the hard, baked, prairie earth,
Your roof, the endless sky,
Your food, how often it was none,
Your task to ever try.
Then when you found your precious one
Silent by your side,
O'er taken by the hand of death,
Cut down in manhood's pride,

How difficult it must have been,
Brave, sad, little mother,
To turn away and leave him there,
Partner, husband, father.
Now alone you must lead the way
Unfalteringly on,
Guiding safe to the promised land
Those sturdy little sons.

I'm glad you taught those sturdy sons
The faith, the truth, the way,
That they have taught their sons in turn
The best, the kindest way.
God grant that I may do my part
E'en half as well as you,
That when I'm gone, someone may speak
As well of me, as you.

The Logan (Utah) Herald Journal.

Beatrice E. Linford.

ROLLER SKATING

Children are skating down the street,
Fast and faster go their feet;
Loudly their laughter floats to me,
They are birds uncaged and free.

They are images of the mind,
Little patterns hard to find,
Patterns of life of song and time,
Words that have no need for rhyme.

They are the wind, the sun, the air,
Neither here and neither there,
They are the moment that is spent,
The measures that make our lives content.

Mabel W. Phillips.
The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times.

HER HAPPIEST EASTER

She bought an Easter hat, deep brown,
With loops of braid around the crown,
And then began a hurried round
Of shops and stores until she found
A rippling coat of matching shade,
That seemed to be just for her made.

And quickly, too, to her surprise,
She found a gown to harmonize,
And shoes, and scarf, and bright bouquet—
But impulse checked her last outlay.

Within her purse some small bills lay
To purchase gloves for the array,
When through her mind—quick as a flash—
Came Bowery Mission's need of cash

To help the outcast, in His name,
To fan the spark in them to flame

Of daring just to lick defeat
And stand, again, upon their feet.

The next mail carried those small bills
With sympathy for Bowery's ills.
And, though her hands in worn gloves lay,
It was her happiest Easter day.

Jessie Chandler

The Madison Press.
(London, Ohio.)

A LOAD OF SCRAP IRON

Upon the paved roadway in truck loaded high
With rusted old iron, two boys clattered by;
Broken wheels and dulled plow points, worn out odds and ends,
And many a gadget on which junkman depends,
All part at one time of some farming machine
That helped in crop planting or in keeping fields clean.
The boys laughed and chatted and counted the gain
That from selling the junk load they hoped to obtain;
Thrilled eves at the movies, a swell present or two
That might merit a kiss from a sweetheart held true.
The world all about them was wonderfully fair;
Flowered fields, orchard blooms, and bird song in mild air.

But when for hard dollars their junk they had bartered,
They gave not a thought to what end it was chartered;
That plow points would be resting, when played was their part,
Deeply bedded in flesh near a cold, throbless heart;
That cog-wheels and gadgets would be part of bomb rain
To leave remnants of mothers spread over far plain;

That odds and ends gathered to heap up junk load
Would maim tiny babes in defenseless abode;
That all once intended for pursuits on the farm
Would bring to mocked millions horror, death, or alarm;
That innocent, helpless, those charged with no crime
Would lie bloody fragments in a very short time.

O Pity, O Mercy, man and womanhood call
To rise in just anger, put an end to it all!

The boys saw the movies, won sweethearts' fond kiss—
But what a sad price China pays for their bliss!

Oscar H. Roesner.
The Marysville (Calif.) Appeal-Democrat.
"The Rambler."

WAR'S RECOMPENSE

When peace is signed and war is o'er
What is there left beside the gore,
The wooden legs, the tears, the debts,
What else is there a nation gets?

For when the victory has been won
Has any lasting good been done;
Save make more widows; taxes raise
That we can't pay in all our days?

So e'en the victor, too, has lost
Whene'er he estimates the cost,
And all we've gained, that we can show
Are countless crosses, row on row.

Ray Murray.
The Mason City (Iowa) Globe-Gazette.
"Barnyard Ballads."

YOUR TEARS

I can face defeat
And the blight of years.
I can stand misfortune's sting—
But not your tears.
I have watched the guns
Tear away careers:
I've withstood gruelling disease—
But not your tears.

Leonora Clawson Stryker.

The Medina (Tex.) Light.
"The New Earth."

RECOMPENSE

Salt waves kissing a rocky shore,
Fruit blossoms like snow on an orchard's floor,
A robin perched high in a redwood tree,
This is recompense for poverty.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margaret Groll.*

SPEED

We parked the car by the side of the road
To see the President pass.
Behind us, a background of hills and trees,
Around us, the sun-dried grass.

We got out when we saw the cavalcade come,
All ready to wave and cheer.
It seemed one moment the cars were there,
And then, all at once, they were here.

The big, white car went speeding by,
I saw but a Panama hat.
Just the same, I waved to our President.
That was all there was of that.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo Fischer.*

FORE-CAST

As I went down to town today,
 My eyes were gladdened by the scene
Of loveliness along the way
 In newly burgeoning bloom and green,
And when I came to flowering plums,
I spoke his words: "If winter comes."

"If winter comes," O Shelley, dear,
 Winter still marks our calendar,
But your immortal words bring cheer,
 "If winter comes, can spring be far?"
For spring is very near today
Along this lovely woodland way.

Here is the proof for ears and eyes,
 Acacias, wild with blossoming,
Flaunt golden banners 'gainst blue skies;
 "Rejoice! Rejoice!" the robins sing,
"Spring even now is at your gate"—
Can summer's coming then be late?

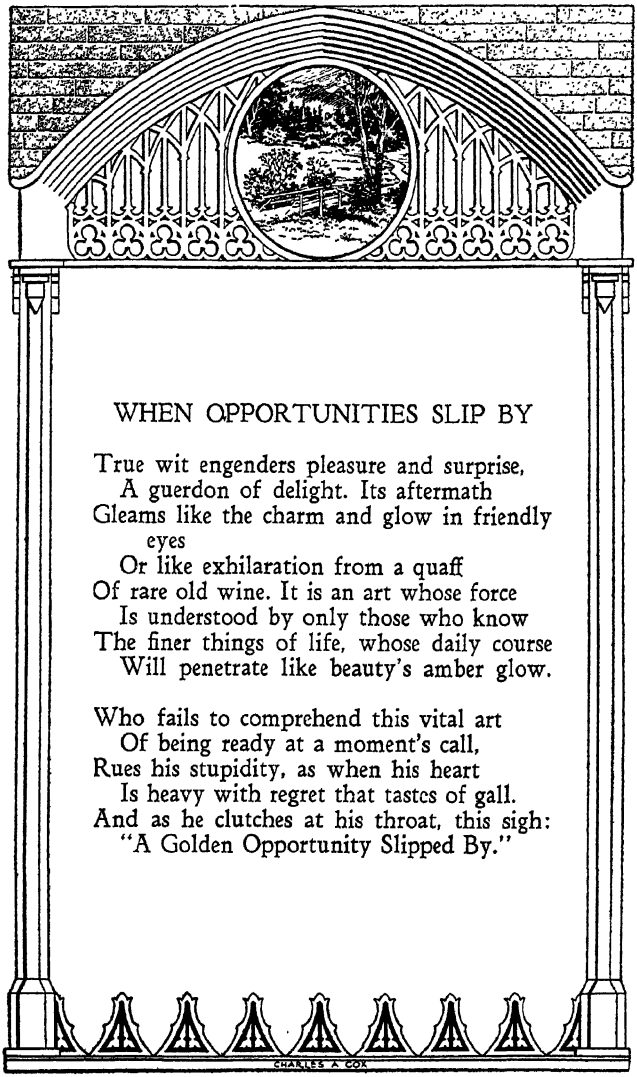
The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Addie M. Proctor.

WHITE HAWTHORN

I've seen snow nestling in a pine tree's arm
White cherry blossoms on a quaint New England farm;
Spray, like lamb's wool, on a jagged reef
Seed-pearl lilacs in settings of emerald leaf.

A sea gull's gleaming, snow-white breast,
Against a sea wave's turquoise crest;
The waving, silver tassels of a field of corn,
But nothing yet so sweet as bloom of white hawthorn.

Ruby McLeod Taylor.
The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.



WHEN OPPORTUNITIES SLIP BY

True wit engenders pleasure and surprise,
A guerdon of delight. Its aftermath
Gleams like the charm and glow in friendly eyes
Or like exhilaration from a quaff
Of rare old wine. It is an art whose force
Is understood by only those who know
The finer things of life, whose daily course
Will penetrate like beauty's amber glow.

Who fails to comprehend this vital art
Of being ready at a moment's call,
Rues his stupidity, as when his heart
Is heavy with regret that tastes of gall.
And as he clutches at his throat, this sigh:
"A Golden Opportunity Slipped By."

Tessa Sweazy Webb.
The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index.

STARLIGHT ON THE WATER

The summer stars drip molten gold,
More than the shallow skies can hold.
Rivulets of escaping light,
Spilled from the brimming cup of night,
Spread their silver ripples wide
Across the dusky water's tide.
Distilled star-dust softly laves
The rising crests of ebon waves.

The Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal. Natalie Gardner.

LOVE'S FEET

The feet of love are garbed in silent shoes
And come and leave without a sound,
They have no given hour,
Nor will they go
As told.

They hold a magic glow
Artifice cannot sour;
And where they pause is hallowed ground;
Nor do they fear to trample on taboos.
You cannot tell or guide the course they
choose.
But stoney hearts beneath their pound
Are crushed to finest flour,
At last to blow
Pure gold.

The old,
Subdues its woe
Enchanted by their scour.
The moon upon its nightly round
Creates and spreads for them
The precious dews.

Jack Greenberg.
The Moscow (Idaho) News-Review.
"Verses in Vogue."



SNOWFLAKES FALLING

(Illustration by Mildred Schanck)

Snowflakes falling from the sky
Swift as birds in homeward flight,
When the Angelus has rung,
Ringing out the chimes of night;

Are you some enchanting flowers,
Floating through the eerie light?
Or, perhaps, angelic thoughts
Carried here on wings so white?

Stardust drifting from above,
Iridescent though it be,
Would not look so beautiful
As new snowflakes are to me!

Surely the celestial trees,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Sent their petals gliding down,
Lest the earth be cold and bare!

Angel's thoughts or heavenly flowers,
Stardust falling airily—
Like the pattern of the rose,
You're a lovely mystery.

The Nevada State Journal. *Josephine Eather.*
"Poetic Nevadans."

SANCTUARY

Larks trill more sweetly where the thorned leaves
screen,
And gulls wing silver lace on clouds of black.
When fowlers by Time's dark sea-forest slack
Their baffled pace, they see the Godbird preen
Its moonwhite pinions, glinting opaline
When purple shades pursue day's thinning track,
Or hounds break leash from dawning's fiery pack,
And blandly coo its blessing on the scene.

Marooned within a grove of hate and greed,
The fowlers stalk their prey with salt of words;
While in the heart a silent covert rears
In which the harried dove may brood and breed,
Where evergreens of hope lure songswept birds,
And gull wings glisten, jewelled white with tears.

The Montreal (Quebec) Star. *Gordon LeClaire.*

THE BROOK

The brook, a boist'rous den'zen of the woods,
Possessor is of million sparkling glints
It captures in the glades of sun-born moods,
Or filched from cheering dainty rainbow-tints.

It smiles and ripples, dances, sings,
And sends soft laughter to the sober earth,
And thus to solemn man it sweetly brings,
A love of life, and, too, the soul's rebirth.

Perhaps a selfish neighbor chains its path,
And dooms its happy course to harsh restraint;
But yet its splashing murmurs voice no wrath,
Nor e'en subdue its charms to grieved
complaint.

Its crystal stream bespeaks of duty done
As it runs on in tenderest emotion,
To its vast grave which it had proudly won
In sepulchre of an engulfing ocean.

To you and me, that brooklet's voice did sing
In accents of the purest moral trend:
That smiles and song and rainbow hues can bring
A charm to some droop soul till our life's end.

Herman A. Heydt.
The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.

DAVID SINGS AGAIN

Remember me a little for my tears,
When gathered on these holy Sabbath days
You lift your voices in a hymn of praise.
What wars, what kingdoms won through harried years,
Woke my fierce heart to sing of its despair
None knows save I, who watched at evenfall
The lovely Hittite by the palace wall
Unbind the fillet from her perfumed hair.

What grief conceived my singing none may know
But I, the father, weeping for his child,
Whose songs have comforted a world's deep woe.
Not with hosannas was the Lord beguiled—
Shame and repentance plucked the sobbing strings.
It may be well to think upon these things.

The New York Post. *Leila Jones.*
"The Conning Tower."

HIS LAST LETTER

He wrote it, sitting with his back against
A blasted tree—its leaves were crushed into
The sodden earth. He did not write of war
But of the things at home he'd known . . . before.

He said he knew that spring had come, back home;
He mentioned flying skates on sun-flecked walks
And small boys' kites, and tulips in a row;
Plum blossoms floating down, like scented snow;

The worn place in the rug before the fire
Where, in the evenings, his old dog would lie;
He asked if there were cookies in the jar
And if I still wished on the night's first star.

He tried so gallantly to hide his fear;
He joked, and said this might be his "swan song."
It was as though he turned and waved his hand,
Then started blithely into No Man's Land.

The New York Sun. *Esther Weakley.*

THE POET'S HEART

The poet's heart is different
From any other heart,
A little under-nourished
And foolish at the start.

But, oh, how strong for seeing
The beauty everywhere!
No other heart exists on
Such rarified, pure air.

The New York Sun. *Dorothy Quick.*

SELF-CONSCIOUS

I am as self-conscious with my new love
As a girl in a new hat;
I am afraid to meet my own eyes in a mirror—
Quite too shy for that.

Perhaps, some far-off time when love has grown
Older—yet not thread-bare—
I shall have courage to look at myself and see
How it has made me fair.

The New York Sun. *Marion H. Addington.*

TO THE HARNESS-HORSE

Smooth as the power of the rhythmed sea
Flowing in endless symphony,
Your drum-beat feet and muscled form
Unite with precision like a thundering storm.
As you sleekly skim down the waiting track
Mettled blood ripples your back.
In the drum-drum-drum-drum-beat-beat-beat
Moves the quenchless phantoms of your sires' feet.
Ah, beautiful thing, tuned to strong, green sod,
Winged are your feet with a gift from God!

The New York Sun. *Mildred W. Clark.*

VICTORY DANCE

(Of Modern Nations)

They burn and plunder, murder, maim, destroy,
Tear down old pledges without provocation;
Then, self-applauding, in a storm of joy,
Chant hymns, and hold a victory celebration.

The New York Sun. *Stanton A. Coblentz.*

THE HUMANIST

Hunting for the truly human
I looked for the true man
And saw an ape at the fair
With the circle still to square. Learning
Breeds its own ignorance. Fame and power
Demand a rush and pounding,
Those who rush through rush through, and who
Are they but those who rush through?
Yet truth resides in contemplation
And comprehension of contemplation
Not necessarily of Plato. Action explains
A field full of folk and golden football flexions,
Action for actors. Truth through contemplation

Resurrects the truly human,
Makes known the true man
Whom these lines can scan:
But miss his secret final point.
The world is too much in joint. No use
Setting that right, that squaring, that harrying: for
The true man lives in mystery
Of God; God his agile soul will see
But he will not see God's majesty,
And that is what makes you and me
Whether man
Or woman
Neither
True
Nor
Free
But truly
Human.

The New York Times. *Richard Eberhart.*

SKY IN SUMMER

Now repetition is the basic thing
Beneath the seven arts of form and sound,
And sky, perfection of it. Blue and round,
In summer day by day the two words sing.
Small flecks of cloud are only grace notes twirled
To ornament the melody of blue—
And—roundness. Storm may modulate the hue
But briefly in the summer-shining world.

Ah, round and blue! What harmony like this
The sky contrives? Above the bluish veil
Of air that fringes earth, the senses fail
And fuse in a sphere of concentrated bliss
Of blue beyond blue, and thought blue-bright and high
Afloat in round-blue, blue-round, round-blue sky.

The New York Times. *May Williams Ward.*

ROAD

I know so little of the road's beginning,
What paths ancestral met, and merged, in me;
Through all its way, its losses and its winning,
About it lies a veil of mystery.
I only know, grown weary of her spinning,
Clotho at last shall bring it to the sea.

The New York Times. *Lalia Mitchell Thornton.*

FOR A FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

You see, dear Lord, she never had a Christmas,
(She was so small when she came Home to You. . . .)
This was to be her very first on earth—
(And I had planned so many things to do. . . .)
Behind the kitchen door still hides the tree.
I had been counting days till Christmas night—
We wanted so to watch her first surprise,
And see her little eyes grow big and bright. . . .

For her first Christmas Eve, please, kindly Lord,
Plant on some tufty cloud a tiny tree. . . .
Have some young angel trim it bright with stars,
And light one little candle . . . please, for me.

The Northwest Arkansas Times.
(*Fayetteville, Ark.*) *Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.*

COLLEGE MOTHER

I must grow used to peace within this house,
To echoes of my footsteps on the stair,
To order in his room and hers,
And too much stillness everywhere.
I must not listen for a banging door,
And learn to pass unnoted shining glass
Where fingerprints and smudges once were wont
To make the busy hours pass.

As I had come to know restraint and poise
When clamour of two clashing wills spelled fight,
So I must learn endurance of the dreadful calm
That so harrasses me tonight!
And yet, how much more easily I found content
Amid the bedlam of a hectic day,
Than I shall learn to bear the quietness
Of rooms—with them away.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Gladys Williamson. "Other Fellow."

HAPPINESS—A MYSTERY

Such different guise to ev'ry human heart!
She hides in humble home or haunts the mart.
Where faith and love warm an abiding place
Rests sweet, wise happiness with shining face.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Rosalie Childs. "Other Fellow."

INGREDIENCE

How long it was before man ceased to leave
Depressions in the middle of his tread;
How long he plodded with down-hanging head,
Before he dared on fancy's wing to cleave
The upper air and daringly conceive
The dream of heaven scaled, and Tartarus dread
(Where failing heaven he would by flame be sped)
We may but vaguely in dim pattern weave!

When light first broke upon that waking brain,
And some rose-damask sunburst made him rise
A nascent spirit in a prayer of praise,
Though we may often ask, we ask in vain!
All we may know is that a certain gleam
Of beauty there transformed him in a dream!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. W. A. Godward. "Other Fellow."

CORRIGAN'S EXPERIENCE—AND MINE

He was hoping to reach California,
But in Ireland he landed instead;
Yet, because he had done it all backward,
He to fame and a fortune was led:
So he stands as a living example
Of the folly of "struggle-and-strife,"
Since Fate is a practical joker,
As we'll learn ere we've finished this life!

For I "plastered" my ranch with a mortgage,
Then, oh! how I'd labor and sweat,
From the earliest dawn till the twilight,
Just trying to pay off the debt;
But I finally said it was useless
To shorten my life with such toil—
And as soon as I'd slackened my efforts
I "cleaned up" a fortune in oil!

And for years I had longed to be married,
Had courted the girls by the score;
But none, so it seemed, would accept me,
Till I vowed I would ask them no more;
Yet as soon as I'd ceased to pursue them,
And had put them all out of my mind,
I perceived I could set up a harem,
If I ever should feel so inclined!

Whatever my aims or ambitions,
Whatever the prizes I'd pluck,
I have failed when I've striven the hardest,
And I've won by the plainest of luck;
So at last I have reached a decision
And though some may consider me queer,
Henceforth when a goal is before me,
In the other direction I'll steer!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *C. I. Ford.*
"Other Fellow."

I LIKE OLD MEN

I like old men with kindly wrinkled faces;
With humor in their eyes, smiles on their lips.
Men who have known the call of distant places,
And learnt the ways of foreign lands and ships.

They are so genial and wisely mellowed,
And tolerant with youth and its desires,
Since through the years with every sort they've fellowed,
And know to what each mother's son aspires.

I like to see them sitting round a table
Drinking the wine or ale which they prefer,
While telling tales that oftentimes will label
This one a vagabond, and that a sir.

Now shorn of every silly inhibition,
Content to make "Be of good cheer!" their mission.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Eve Brazier.*
"Other Fellow."

WINGS IN REPOSE

Wondrous! This bird of silver-gray,
That, hovering, scans the shimmering Bay;
Poising her wings as if for flight
'Neath azure vault, through star-strewn night:

Nay! Faithful vigil doth she keep
By day, through night's hushed span of sleep;
Joining with glistening pinions wide
Queenly cities by restless tide.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Joseph R. Godwin.*
"Other Fellow."

VAGRANTS

They trudge along the highways
And rest upon their rolls,
Unkempt and ragged vagrants
Without apparent goals.

The traffic passes by them
With men of wealth and home,
Who look in condescension
On ragged men who roam.

Yet some with outside riches
That glitter passing there
Have souls unkempt and ragged,
Not going anywhere.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Claude Weimer.*
"Other Fellow."

PILLARS OF SOCIETY

(Mokio-ariki of the House of Chiefs Considers the White Man's Country)

The money-house in your city—"bank," do you call it?—stands high and stern, a tower of steel and stone. Even a chief has no such house, in my country.

My house is woven of leaves, its roof of thatch; the poles planted firmly in earth, the rafters bound tight with cord—and the salt wind of Heaven breathes through the woven panels.

The money house in your city is much finer. Along its face rise mighty posts of stone. They are very ornamental, but they don't hold up anything. A lot of your pillars of society are like that.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Clifford Gessler.*
"Other Fellow."

THE PERFECTIONIST

He held himself a great authority
 On every type of verse or kind of rhyme;
A master he, in scanning poetry,
 An expert in the form, best of his time.
He wrote precise and tritely perfect things
 On themes adapted to a master's pen,
Of flower buds, or of a dead moth's wings,
 Of things too fragile to be felt by men.

But those who sought a message in the art
 On which he'd spent a lifetime;
 read and then
They turned away, still seeking in their heart.
 He'd studied form, but had forgotten men.
His work was minute, perfect, without doubt,
He wrote too well, who'd naught to write about.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Vera White.*
"Other Fellow."

SUN MESSAGES

When I gaze out of my window
 At the sun,
I can count a thousand sunbeams
 Every one.

Tumbling gladly out of cloud beds,
 Heaven's fleece.
Rays of cheer are bounding earthward,
 For release.

Sunshine shafts for those who'll catch them
 From the sky,
Sunshine shafts in hearts for others,
 You and I.

Pauline Shepard Mann.
The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"Other Fellow."

THREE CHEERS!

Brave Corrigan comes riding
Across the moving foam!
The dear long-lost,
The tempest-tost,
Is really coming home!
The man who stepped into his crate
And blandly lost his way;
The lad who thot the Free State
Was a suburb of L. A.
Our merry, bold amnesiac,
Our well-beloved is coming back!
The man who cleaved the seas of air,
The merry devil do-and-dare!
So plan to throw the rosy sheath,
And toss the world away,
For the man who hung a shamrock wreath
Around the U. S. A.!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. May S. Greenwood.
"Other Fellow."

THE HOUSE STILL STANDS

The House still stands, as shelter to its people;
Nor can the insecurity of dreamers
Pull it down or breach its solid walls.
Its firm foundation is the Constitution;
Its sinewed masonry—Democracy,
And citizens are free men in its halls.
As once before, a Senate stopped the onslaught,
This time, the House assumed the urgent task,
To hurl aside from near its guarded entrance,
A Trojan horse—a nameless wooden mask.
So, pealed afar the freedom of the fathers,
Out to the endless oceans and the lands—
To let the world know liberty is vital,
And America—the people's House still stands.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Gene Hassler.*
"Other Fellow."

SALUTE.

(To Frank Hawks)

Dip your wings and say farewell,
Grey hawks of the sky.
One of your brood has fallen here,
Dip—and say good-bye.

Fearless in the night was he,
Brave in the cold gray dawn.
He knew the feel of the mighty storm
And man its helpless pawn.

He knew the joy of soaring wings.
He felt the wild birds thrill.
He rode alone with the lightning flash
High above wooded hill.

Dip your wings oh brave grey hawk,
Dip them and say good-bye
As you ride your ship on its last trip
On through the timeless sky.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Bess Bevier Codde.
"Other Fellow."

THE WAY

I will not pass again this way,
Perhaps, for many a year;
So I must stop, the while I may,
To dry this widow's tear.

The road I go may lonesome be,
And desolate and wild;
Needing some tender memory—
I will soothe this little child.

The night may be both long and dark,
The way be hard to find;
I will guide his feet toward his mark—
This brother who is blind.

The stones will bruise my feet, no doubt,
The path is but a narrow way;
This maimed one—let me turn about
And lift him up today.

"The least ye do for these, the poor,
I seek His company;
I follow One Who went before—
Ye do it unto me."

William Nauns Ricks.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"Other Fellow."

ROADS

I like the dusty country roads,
On each side trees of gray;
The deep dust-covered fields of grain
Where yellowed grass-spears sway.

The man-made clouds of heavy dust
Paint roads in pastel grays . . .
Too many bright green hours can hurt,
I like some dusty days.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Cora Blakesley.*
"Other Fellow."

PEACE

Peace walks not in a garden,
Flower-gowned;
Nor down the aisle of tall trees,
Dripping sunset;
Nor across the silken sea,
Moon-splashed.

Peace comes
When the whirlwind passes,
When the raging sea is stilled,
When the song of battle is forgotten,
When the weary have rested.

Peace comes
When one can commune with stars,
Knowing that the day held no hatred
And one has been true to one's teachings.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Leonard Cooper.*
"Other Fellow."

I AM CONTENT WITH LIFE

I am content with life . . . I know
Whatever comes to me,
I'm given strength to rise above
All harm that seems to be.
I am content with life . . . Tho I
Find sadness, for awhile,
I'm given courage to conceal
My grief behind a smile.
Life's plan is balanced perfectly—
With pleasure and with strife,
Since sorrow teaches sympathy . . .
I am content with life. . . .

The Ohio State Journal. *Katharine Neal Smith.*
"Rhyme and Reason."

UTOPIA

Happy the man with no ills to deplore
With worldly goods to meet his needs; no more
Of surfeit than will bring him safe content
Who finds no use for extra augument.

Who daily greets his tasks with cheerful zest
His mind at ease, and all his judgments blest
With no dark secrets for his mind to brood
Who lives his given span and finds it good.

The Ohio State Journal. *Florence Ralston Werum.*
"Rhyme and Reason."

EARTH TRAVELERS

They have grown old, so very old, we say,
And gaze upon them with our pitying eyes,
For in their halting step a sadness lies—
These weary ones, who came a long long way.
We do not seem to see that far-off day
When we shall pause awhile to visualize
That change, which creeps upon us in disguise
And leaves us in a quandary of dismay.

Life is companion to both age and youth,
She wields a constant change till end of time;
And this is true, though bitter be the truth,
No man may cling forever to his prime.
Each traveler must leave the ranks, retire,
To find content in dreams—beside the fire.

The Ohio State Journal. *Theressa M. DeFosset.*
"Rhyme and Reason."

IT IS WELL

Little gray thoughts,
Like little gray nuns,
Slip in and out
Among my gayer ones.

Little sad thoughts
Make hard hearts tender,
I think it is well
God lets us remember.

The Oil City (Pa.) Derrick. *Zoda Anderson.*

SONG TO MY FATHER'S FIELD

My father loved to see the cotton yield.
I've known him often to neglect to eat
When June lay pregnant on his noon-day field,
Or when the grass grew thick in July's heat.

He drove his mules and his own self too hard;
But he was burdened, thinking of his debt,
Or if the crop would meet his needs and buy our lard—
So, he toiled and punched the mules and wiped the sweat.

I never liked his cotton, nor no thought came to me
That cotton cleanly hoed was the thing that paid
The banker and the mortgage, gave us bread and tea.
But I hated the grass, and sought an elm's shade,
When father set me hoeing in the sun;
And I hated all bankers that God ever made,
Before his fields were harvested and done.

The Oklahoman.
(Oklahoma City.) *Cully Drake Kirkham.*
"Poetry."

THE OLD HOME TOWN

I want to go back to the old home town,
To a little white house all trimmed in brown;
To walk down the road where red-bud sway,
And sit 'neath the oaks where I used to play.

I want to see folks whom I used to know,
I want to go places where I used to go.
I want to go down to the big dripping-spring
And sit on the moss where I used to sing.

I want to go back to the little church house,
Where I used to go in my starched-up blouse,
Where the precher would smile and kindly say:
"My boy, I am glad you came today."

I want to go back to the old home town,
To a little white house all trimmed in brown,
To walk down the road where red-bud sway,
And sit 'neath the oaks where I used to play.

The Oklahoma News.
(Oklahoma City.) *Cecil Brown.*

HOME

In the soft grey mist which men call death
When I reach the open sea;
I, somehow, feel that I'll voyage on
And a great peace waits for me.
I, somehow, think I shall know again
All things that make life sweet—
Birds' songs in a summer twilight,
Green leaves flecked with golden sun,
Blue water and sails and swooping gulls,
Bright stars and a deep blue night.
The silver laughter of my youth;
The glory of love and song;
The radiance in the eyes of friends;
The warmth of an open fire,
And the sure sweet peace that is 'home'—
In the soft grey mist
Which men call death
When I reach the open sea;
I somehow feel that I'll voyage on,
When the last call comes to me.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Katherine King.*
"Talespins."

CARDINAL'S SONG

If I were blind and couldn't see,
And all my days were dark as night,
I'd know the blossoms on the tree
Were golden yellow, red or white.
In my blindness I'd see the light,
And the warm earth all aglow
Welcoming spring in winter's flight.
Of these things I'd happily know—
For the cardinal's song would tell me so.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
Madeline G. Petersen.
"Talespins."

GLORIOUS FAILURES

Don't ever hide your failures, friend.
Don't ever be ashamed
When you have failed to reach some goal
Toward which you've worked—or aimed.

The very fact that you have tried
No jeers can e'er erase;
And honest efforts bring rewards.
They never bring disgrace.

Though lazy lookers-on may laugh,
When your plans go kaflop,
The knowledge you have gained in loss
Will help you reach the top.

All good endeavors merit praise;
So—view defeat with pride.
There's honor in sincere attempts;
And failures prove you've tried!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Lyla Myers.*
"Talespins."

A DAILY PRAYER

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer with smile or song,
Lord, show me how.

If I can aid one in distress,
If I can make a burden less,
If I can spread more happiness,
Lord, show me how.

If I can do a kindly deed,
If I can help someone in need,
If I can sow a fruitful seed,
Lord, show me how.

If I can feed a hungry heart,
If I can give a better start,
If I can fill a nobler part,
Lord, show me how.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Grenville Kleiser.*
"Talespins."

TRUE VICTORY

Freedom for America,
Freedom for mankind,
Will cast into the discard
Encumbrances that bind,
And throw a light protective,
Guarding sacred shores;
While the light of love divine
Opens unseen doors
Away from human discords
And selfish schemes which bind—
To cleanse throughout America
And heal employment's blind!

With victory glimpsed greater
Than ever before,
Freedom, true freedom's light
Shall not resort to war,
But raise the torch of Liberty
Alone to set men free,
And serve through lifting burdens
By way of mastery.
Blaze Thy light of freedom,
Goddess, that we see—
Guide mankind and lead them
To True Victory!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Paul Jans.*

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

We have a modern woman here today,
 One whom we call the first of this great land.
 And proudly should we all unite to stand
Beside her to assist her on her way.
O women far and near, do not delay
 To join the ever growing, loving band
 Of those who offer now an eager hand
To hail this wondrous soul in work and play.

A loyal wife and mother here we see,
 A most successful teacher, author, friend;
How full each moment of her life must be—
 With tasks both great and small that never end.
She radiates a sweet humility—
 O women, what a model to attend!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Emelda Deshaies.*
"Talespins."

O. O. M'INTYRE

His hand is stilled. . . . He writes no more;
Life's curtain has come down;
Each flashing light is somewhat dimmed
In Old Manhattan Town.

No more he'll stroll the Gay White Way
For Column facts to glean,
Rub elbows with the rich and poor
And those who're in between.

He's gone to where a by-line
Does naught to bring him fame—
The Editor of a sheet called Death
Writes "30" beneath his name. . . .

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Miles J. O'Brien.*
"Talespins."

OCEAN BEDS

All the glory of a sea sings in a storm
When waves dash and beat the air . . .
Storm's roll of thunder
Flinging from under
Deep, deep echoes
That challenge the vault of the sky.

All the story of a world is in its water
Covering a place that once was land,
Hiding well under
The deep of its thunder . . .
Long lost places
That once looked up toward the sky.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Elmo Russ.*
"Talespins."

THE REBEL

They roughly tie his hands behind his back,
And bind a cloth across his eyes,
A few commands and then the rifles . . . crack!!
And thus the rebel dies.
And they toss his body into a hole,
Upon his face they shovel sod;
Poor fools! To think that they can kill the soul
Of a man by a firing-squad.

For thus are the splendid battle-flags born
From rags and cloth of deathless dyes!
Bugles summon across some waiting morn,
And rebel patriots arise . . .
Until out of the ruins of war and hate,
A new nation emerges, free and great! . . .
This happens when the rebel dies.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Tommy Murray.*
"Talespins."

LILACS OF YOUR OWN

Have you orioles for neighbors?
 Have you lilacs of your own?
Then it's not a meagre measure
 Of munificence you've known;

For with golden notes the favors
 Of the oriole are shown,
And of scents you'll heap a treasure
 If you've lilacs of your own!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Stella Lavina Olson. "Talespins."

TRANSITION

They are building tourist cabins by the Suwannee
 River shore;
 There are Dine & Dance casinos where it swerves;
Mr. Stephen Collins Foster wouldn't know it any
 more,
 For those Old Folks are out speeding on its curves.

Up and down the Old Plantation runs a highway
 smooth and gray;
 Lager parlors flourish in its every bower.
Ah, no longer is the dear old Suwannee far, far
 away,
 For they get there now at 60 miles an hour.

Nary a Bee and not a Banjo can be heard above the
 roar
 Of the blatant music-box that shrieks out swing;
And the radio is raucous on its every bending
 shore—
 Mr. Collins wouldn't know the dear old thing.

Brothers play no more together—one sells beer and
 one sells gas—
 Pa and Ma remain out dancing until day;

But they make an eking living out of those who
chance to pass,
Coupled on to what they get from AAA.

Moss that used to hang so lovely from its bearded
live oak trees
Now reposes in a mattress at the store:
They've commercialized the Suwannee and its Ban-
joes and its Bees—
Stephen Foster wouldn't know it any more!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
"Talespins."

PITY HIM

Not him who cannot phrase with words
The aching loveliness that long
Has beat its tide against his heart—
But pity him who has no song!

Mary Ferrell Dickinson.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins."

SHIPWRECKED

These are my days—
These drab unending dunes
Stretching out into infinity.
These are my nights—
These unremembered runes
Fading out across a moonless sea.
Achingly I watch the running swells
And see the ships pass by
Interpreting my signals as farewells—
Deafened to my cry.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Edith Cherrington.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

THE JEWELLED SEA

When morning breaks across the sea
 Above the changing rift,
We think of diamonds and our eyes
 Are dazzled by this gift.

But as the sun climbs higher still
 It makes a shimmering scene,
We think of sapphires deep, deep blue
 And then of emeralds green.

When lower sinks the shining sun,
 As through an open door,
Topazes there in jewels rare
 Throb in the yellow ore.

When night draws back the mystic drapes
 And light and shadows chase,
She shows her opals to the world,
 Then shuts the jewel case.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Susan C. Cameron.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

HUNGER

I sat with a king in his palace
And dined from a golden dish,
But I went away with the hunger
Of an unrequited wish.

I sat at the feet of a scholar
To taste of wisdom's bread,
But he only sharpened my longing
For the words he left unsaid.

I sat with a modest comrade
Whose table seemed small and bare,
But we shared a crumb of beauty
And feasted contentedly there.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Cyrus P. Dryden.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

GIPSYING

I'd like to go a gipsying,
Far past the little town,
A quiet spot near star-eyed flowers,
 Where I could nestle down
And look up to a sky of blue,
To billowed clouds afar,
Then watch the campfire's shooting sparks,
 Beneath the gleam of star.

To look the old moon in the face,
 And laugh away all care—
I'd like to be a gipsy maid,
 With daisies in my hair.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Alla M. Foster.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

AMARYLLIS

They lift
Brown arms from earth
Then lily-finger tips
Unfold their chaliced buds into
Full bloom.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Nora L. Brown.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

PENALTIES

Flaw in strand of cable
 Let an anchor slip.
Unsuspected leakage
 Sank a giant ship.
Unremembered promise
 Lost a loyal friend.
Little debt defaulted
 Brought a tragic end.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Albert W. Macy.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

LAMENT

Weep not, O mothers, for sons who sleep
Heedless of war in crimson dust.
Tears for the dead cannot heal the wrong,
Weep for the living, clear-eyed and strong,
Whose lives may feed the war-gods lust;
Weep and pray.

Weep for your daughters who may not know
Aught but a lover's goodbye-kiss.
Glory of marching and crowds gone mad
Give scant return when hearts grow sad
For children's laughter, for homes they miss.
Weep and pray.

Rulers have failed but mercy lives
In the heart of God for a world in tears.
For sightless eyes, for songs unsung,
For lives that are thwarted and warped and wrung,
Weep, O Nations, redeem the years;
Weep and pray.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Clara Miller Krag.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

FLOOD SONG

I am the Flood!
I am power unleashed!
I sweep down through
The valleys and the cities;
I crush and grind
And tear the roots of things;
I whirl and swirl
And clutch the heart of things,
Till all before me
Bends and suffers,
For I . . . I am the Flood!
I am destruction;
I am the power of evil,
A symbol of the greed of men.
So is the universe atune

To that which man has wrought
Through his unwisdom
And his hate.
Back into the dust once more
I grind the beauty of the world,
To change the soul trend of
Humanity. Change, change
I bring an understanding,
Till terror takes
The place of hate, and strife
Gives way to longing,
When mankind sees that
Things of earth are swept away,
But not the things of Heaven.
And while the cattle
Of the lowlands perish
The stars shine on
Nor heed their going.
I . . . I am the Flood!
I am destruction!
I am power unleashed;
A symbol of the greed of men!

The Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News. *Rena Sheffield.*

FORTUNE TELLERS

Long ago the wheel-like daisies,
(Spokes of white and disks of gold)
Lost their fragile rims forever,
Stolen by a pixy bold.

Quite romantic was his daring,
Fortunes since through faith are told
By the petal-spokes of daisies
Tossed away from centered gold.

When the wheel of pearl is rounded
Chanting rhythmic words of old,
"Loves me not? O, yes, he loves me!"
Maidens read from daisies gold.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Kate K. Church.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

THE PITY OF IT

A Roman matron's mother heart
Once swelled with happiness and pride.
Replying to her boasting friends,
She called her young sons to her side.

"These are my jewels." Through all time,
Beneath all other hopes appear
The longings in a woman's heart
To give the world a soul so clear—

So far above the common clay,
That men will throng to see his worth;
And worship at his feet, and love
The one who brought him to his birth.

And what a pity then to find,
With aspirations such as these,
She has to quench that eager hope
With Teddy-bears or Pekingese.

Arden Murdock Rockwood.
The Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.

ARMISTICE DAY

(To the men of the Keystone Division who gave their lives for peace in the World War)

There is a Legion of the dead
Who fought through Flanders mud;
Who knew the horrors of a war,
The shell's exploding thud;
Who wonder if the price they paid
Was paid, alas, in vain,
As all the world in turmoil waits
Another war again.

There is a Legion of the dead
We proudly looked upon.
They trusted us and left with us
New faith to carry on.

The smoldering torch is growing dim,
As though we did not care
To keep the pledge of Flanders Fields
With those who died out there.

Charles A. Bancroft.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.

HO THERE, MINER!

"Ho there, miner up in the sun!
How goes the panning for gold today?"
"Fine, my little earthly one,
I'll move this cloud and show my array."

Anne Phillips Hattan.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.

THIRST!

A drink of wine that man has made
Is not enough for me—
My thirst is for the wine of winds
And the wide washing sea.

Give me to drink of the golden sun
Long mellowed in the sky,
A taste of a drifting fleecy cloud
Where wild geese fly.
A nectar of a flowered hill,
More sparkling than champagne,
And fragrance of the thirsty earth
In a fresh fall of rain.

A goblet of the breath of trees
And tang of pine in the wood,
An old, old drink that has aged as long
As the oldest tree has stood.

Pen Edward Watson.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
"Oregonian Verse."

KITCHEN GODS

An oven was her joy, she often said,
Baking away her time with tart and bread,
While spoons that never held a bit too much
Combined the flour and spice with measured touch.
And yet no recipe could match the sense
Of something wistful, vital and intense
That filled her mind; the spark that gave her wings
And flamed her thoughts to bright imaginings,
In youth was how to feed a hungry man;
The golden loaf that steamed upon the pan
In fragrant rippling waves concealed a need
Within a heart that love had never freed.

In her domain, a kitchen dressed with charm,
She mixed her dreams of might and brawny arm,
Portioning time away with paste and bun
Until one day she knew her youth was done;
The paste and bun and coffee freshly brewed
Became her love and like a lover wooed
New friends and through her yeast and spice and
dough
She found the greatest romance life could know.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Jean Rasey.*
"Oregonian Verse."

STORM

Ride the night wind
Swing low on the frosty star
Stir the green lake bamboo
Press the mountains
With the imprint of your shoe
Drive wild horses
Across the sea . . .
But spare the worn nest
And the old tree!

Sara Van Alstyne Allen.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
"Oregonian Verse."

THE FROLIC

The wild ducks are dancing quadrilles today
On the wave-lined floor of the marshy bay,
As the wind violins and tree violas play.
The wise old drake forgets his fears
And quacks, "Come on, let's dance, my dears."
So they bob and dip and curtsy and glide
To the currents and eddies of the rising tide.
Allemand left and promenade all,
With ears attuned to the leader's call.
Down the center and cast off six,
Flap your wings and show your tricks.
Swing your partners with a merry splash,
Grand right and left with a paddling dash.
Oh! The wild ducks frolic with a happy reason,
For this is the end of the hunting season.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Ethel Dalby.*
"Oregonian Verse."

BIRDBATH—QUATRAINS

We knew a moment Audubon would love—
Four flickers drinking from our russet bowl,
Four black-bibbed throats slow bending from above;
Four scarlet caps by unison made whole.

And once bobwhites were clustered there in snow,
Tails pointed inward, puffing breasts outspread
Against the storming—"Surely none could know
A fairy circle lovelier," you said.

Remember how the redstart took its bath
Dipping and dancing, skipping then he went,
Poising and darting—thrilled with every path
He swirled across the water, a candle sent
To light the woodland edge—and our content?

Catherine Cate Coblentz.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
"Oregonian Verse."

HOMESTEADER

How tall the man whose homesite is a hill;
Who daily measures his long stride to trails
Which he has hewn by dint of brawn and skill
Through logs jack-strawed in ancient fires and gales!
How sinewy-strong! How lean and lithe of hips,
This wrestler of huge boulders, lusty wind!
The clean tang of him spicy as the chips
Of pines he fells, where saplings must be thinned.
How water-clear and how direct of eye!
His mien, the vindicated pride of one
Whose labor is baptized by rain and sun;
Who shoulders clouds, he lives so close to sky.
Each field logged off, he plants again to trees
And harvests dreams of pears and plums from these.

Ethel Romig Fuller.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

RIVER SONG

Icy cold with mountain snow
Over cliff and crag you go,
Praising loud the high peak's wonder
With reverberating thunder;
Crashing through the wild ravine
Like a sword unsheathed and clean,
Silver bright in constant motion,
Onward moving toward the ocean.

Slipping over ancient boulders
With their round and mossy shoulders . . .
On through shade of trees low bending,
Green of leaf and river blending;
Brushing fronds where fingers quiver,
Stretch to stay you, shining river,
But you pass with merry laughter,
Lost to us who follow after.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Thirza J. Martin.

ARMISTICE DAY

The rain falls, and the sun shines
On the markers set in stiff, straight lines.

Crimson, the leaves; silver, the snow;
Flags wave, bugles blow.
But the sleepers sleep on, and do not know.

Moons rise and moons wane—
Oh, the sorrow! Ah, the pain
In hearts that call above the slain.
Did these, the young men, die in vain?

Ethel Romig Fuller.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

LUCK

Luck is a lady, whimsical, gay,
Wooed by all men, yet ever astray—
Gypsy or goddess driving us mad,
Tender, solicitous when she is had.

Luck is a lady, lovely and vain.
Some say—a dryad lost in the rain.
When we pursue her, she leads the mile;
And there is lure in her beautiful smile.

Woe to the handful her kisses have blessed!
She will deny them contentment and rest.
Haunting men's dreaming, she leads the chase.
Luck is a lady who laughs in your face.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Helen Maring.*
"Oregonian Verse."

MIDSUMMER STARS

The antelopes sleep
On the slopes of the sky,
Where the star-grass waves,
And the spaces cry.

Antares, proud
In her scarlet hair,
Looks over Indus,
Where the temples stare.

And the fiery bees
Of Lyra roam
Through the breeding hives
Of the honey-comb.

The antelopes will
At midnight slake
Their ancient thirst
At the windless lake.

Where the sapphires blow
Over timeless time,
And the wheeling worlds
Make a rhymeless rhyme. . . .

But now they sleep,
That golden herd,
While round them swims
The wordless Word.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. J. Corson Miller.

BAYBERRIES IN APRIL

I picked a bayberry bouquet
Last year while days were spicy cold,
Liquefied waxy beads of grey
To fill a tapering candle-mold.

Though, now, Spring's scarlet tulips burn,
October's candle scents my room—
Last Autumn's golden rods return
Through amber flame and field-perfume.

Marie Dawson Robinson.
The Providence (R. I.) Journal.

A CERTAIN PREACHER

The way he spoke of God
Always made one think
He knew God as intimately
As he knew meat and drink.

He described the wrath of God,
The terrors of Judgment Day,
And the bitter anguish of sinners
Who keep the sinners' way.

He spoke as though he viewed
Heaven from end to end;
One felt that he knew God—
But never as a friend.

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Rebecca Helman.*
"Pirate's Gold."

A FISHIN' I'LL GO

Totin' clothes to de white folks gate
When I oughtter be out diggin' bait!
De catfish is bitin' dis time ob year
But my ole 'oman don't seem to keer.

I'se tired ob dis totin' and takin' her sass,
I'se gwine fishin' and ketch me some bass,
Dis ebning de white folks kin jest set and wait
Cause—shore as I'm born, I'm gwinna dig bait.

Maybe Lucindi won't be so mad
When I brings a string ob big fat shad
An' basses an' catfish—ready to fry
A-fishin' I'll go—I'll do it er die!

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Polly O'Quinn.*
"Pirate's Gold."

FAIR WARNING

La, you foolish man,
 Asking me to marry!—
Me, whose feet, turned one way,
 Want to go contrary;

Silly ears that harken
 To every vagrant tune;
And eyes that never would see dust
 For yearning on the moon.

You'd not want me for a wife—
 I fooled you at the start—
Me with cloud banks in my eyes
 And a wish-bone for a heart!

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Hortense Roberta Roberts.*
"Pirate's Gold."

I SHALL NEVER KNOW

I shall never know where the lilies go
When their stalks are withered and covered with snow,
And I shall never see where hydrangeas bloom
When the rains have come with sudden doom.

But so long as these forms shall reappear
I shall know that we too have nothing to fear.
The spirit relives and form stays intact;
Even fools realize that this is a fact.

So, though I never know
Where the lilies go,
I shall never know fear
While forms reappear.

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Lura Thomas McNair.*
"Pirate's Gold."

NEED

We have great need for small sounds
(I wonder if God does too.)
The beauty of a bird's note,
Leaves stirring in the blue,
A sea that sounds a ways off
Like thunder in a dream,
A child's voice, the wind's sigh,
The chatter of a stream.
We have great need for small sounds—
Soft-music, night-caressed;
But I must hear my heart's cry
That's muffled in my breast.

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Helen Maring.*
"Pirate's Gold."

MODERN GIRL

There is a certain rite in being wise:
In smoking cigarettes and drinking wine;
She has the art of petting down quite fine
And makes believe a night club satisfies.
You could not possibly persuade this youth
That moral virtue has a place today,
She thinks the one important thing is play
And does not hesitate at twisting truth.
She has no time for friendly, homey things
And scoffs at what the older folks think good;
She never learned the peace of solitude
Nor watched a golden butterfly spread wings.
Her armor is as thick as country loam:
But in her secret heart she yearns for home!

She yearns for home! But thinks if people knew
She would be called old-fashioned and a prude;
A certain pride is helped by being rude
Until the right man comes, intent to woo.
Love makes the game of make-believe seem tame
And she would thrill to man's protecting arms;

She learns to cook and brings out all her charms
By proving life is more than just a game.
She scorns a wedding with enormous cost:
The money saved will furnish a small nest;
Instinctively she knows just what is best
And counts each home-kept moment, saved—not lost.
In retrospect her hardest case is worn.
She eagerly awaits her coming son!

She waits her son! But keeps her courage high
To laugh at fear. Her larged body is strong
And she is happy with a gift of song.
She counts as beads, the weeks as they go by
And numbers not the pain of sleepless nights,
For any price is small to pay for one
Who gives to her more brightness than the sun
And power to lift her spirit to the heights.
She gathers love in tiny, untried seams
And studies baby books with tireless zest;
She is determined he shall have the best
And fills her waiting days with building dreams.
This is the modern girl grandmothers scorn
Who smiles through pain: at last her son is born!

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Leah Sherman.*
"Pirate's Gold."

TENDER NIGHT

There's something soft about the dark—
And comfortable to one who lives all day
With jangled nerves
And finds no time to pray.
One longs for night
And calm repose,
And gentle softness of the dark.

The Redland District News.
(Homestead, Fla.) *Lily Lawrence Bow.*
"Pirate's Gold."

FOR THESE, TOO, THANKS

There are so many days we would forget.
We do not want them in our memory,
Turning a knife within our hearts, nor yet
Weaving a somber mental tapestry.

Sad days, when over a white cot our eyes
Met in anxiety too deep for tears,
And though the years our pain must minimize,
We'll wear those scars, deep hidden, through the years.

Fear laid his icy fingers on our hearts
And held them there till our warm blood ran cold.
Then, as the specter of our fears departs,
Come dreary days that pass by sable-stoled.

But sad days have brought courage, and our hearts
Are braver for their bitter medicine,
Which to our moral fiber strength imparts
And leaves us stronger for its discipline.

And as sad days brought courage, patience came
From those that had passed by with leaden feet.
Forget sad days, if need be. Keep their gain,
For bitter ever mingles with the sweet.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. Katharine Scholl Smith.

ELEGIES

Of Vanishing Oaks and Crumbling Adobes

The West Wind sings elegies
Of vanishing oak trees,
Of old Spanish days
Filled with color and grace,
Of courage and duty,
Of homage to beauty
That once in men's hearts
Had a definite place.

Like old fingers fumbling,
Adobe walls crumbling,
Are touching as tears
On a dear, withered face;
Of these, and the dead years
When wild, long-horned red steers
Milled under these branches,
There's hardly a trace!

So West Wind sings elegies,
Of dainty mantillas,
Of moss hung in patterns
Like hand woven lace.
"Oh, help them!" the wind sings,
"Proud queens, and old, gray kings,
Whom we should protect
As a vanishing race."

The San Francisco (Calif.) Examiner. *Joy O'Hara.*

SHANSI PROVINCE

Shansi Province, far away,
Once you were strange, unknown,
A colored portion on a page,
Now you are flesh and bone.

Shansi Province, you have faced
War with its ghastly yield,
Death that hurtles from the sky,
And death that stalks the field.

Shansi Province, you have met
Famine and drought and flood,
But these are kinder—kinder far
Than foes that seek your blood.

Shansi Province, we have known
Each dark defeat, each victory,
Your pain, your courage and despair
Are flashed across the sea.

Shansi Province, time shall come
When cruel war must cease,
Oh! You are nearer than we knew,
And our hearts yearn for peace.

Nell Griffith Wilson.
The San Francisco (Calif.) Examiner.

OCEAN SNOWFLAKES

The ocean's deep roar is constant tonight,
And the whistling buoy's moan is lost on the shore,
It is shaking the cliffs and disturbing great rocks,
Where birds seek shelter from the furious storm's roar.

Ever again and again the waves' ceaseless pounding
Fills the air with its powerful might,
Gales are rising and sea horses are riding
High and stately on the waves tonight.

There's beauty in this ocean's wildest moods,
Lashing and thrashing the coast incessantly,
Churning the water into suds, in every inlet and cave,
It flies and whirls, and drifts away, snowflakes of the sea.

The San Jose (Calif.) Mercury. Cora Lee Fairchild.

POSTHUMOUS

Last night
When I left your world
It was just as I meant it to be . . .
Quietly . . . unostentatiously.

I had always hope to slip away
In the stillness,
So as to disturb no one.

Let me hear no loud lamenting . . .
See no tears . . . hear no regrets . . . just forget.

Tuberoses have always made me ill.
So bring me flowers . . .
But let them be red.
Bring all this place will hold.

Let no one whet their idle curiosity
By having one last look.
You see I have no defense . . .
I cannot lock my door.

For me this shall be a great adventure.
Now I will know the wherefore and the why.
From the tree of Knowledge
I will pluck many things
That have been denied me.
Such as knowing life in all its fullness.
Living dangerously, without censure . . .
And I will be able
To dance among the stars.

The Santa Ana (Calif.) Register. *Mina Shafer.*
"Modern Poets."

WE WHO HAVE SEEN

We who have looked beneath the mask of courage
And found a loved one's face grown grey with dread,
Must pledge our faith again unto the living,
Lest they in turn be numbered with the dead.

What matters all our talk of might and glory,
Of conquered lands that yield the promised gain,
When lives are crippled, blinded, torn asunder,
And minds are warped beneath the weight of pain?

And who shall honor countless scraps of paper,
Though nations meet and sign some clever phrase,
If every wind must bear the sound of weeping,
And brooding shadows darken all our days?

Our eyes have seen the waste and desolation,—
Our hands prepared the ghastly sacrifice!
Of what avail is all our garnered wisdom
If someday youth again must pay the price?

Eugenia T. Finn.
The Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press-Democrat.

TIDES IN THE WIND

When she, who knew the forest ways by heart,
Who breathed her life from evergreens, would start
To see him looking westward, with an ear
Straining to pick up sounds she could not hear,
She's rush to woo him with her arms and lips,
But he was trothed to water ways, and ships.

Thinking to hold him from the rival seas,
She lavishly displayed her lakes and trees
Till spring climbed up the mountainside, and then
He lightly kissed her and went down again;
While she, with empty arms and head bent low,
Stood on a rain-drenched hill and watched him go,
Not knowing that a forest's windy roar
Could sound like tides upon a rocky shore.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
(Salt Lake City, Utah.) *Maude Blixt Trone.*

TUMBLEWEEDS

Rolling on tawny prairies,
 Tumbleweeds tussle and toss,
Toiling, trying to travel
 Triumphant, on plains they cross.

They tarry, but winds thrash them onward.
 In their twisting turmoil they find
Only transient abode—a brief resting place.
 True peace they have left behind.

Youth's plans for life's tour were definite, sure.
The trip would be pleasing, secure.
But the dream turrets trembled, tumbled, till now
Only steadying hopes endure.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
(Salt Lake City, Utah.) *Kate H. Robinson.*

EXCHANGE OF THE GUARD

No clank of sabre, trumpet note,
Or sound of marching men
Proclaims the guards-of-time exchange.
These cosmic walls again
Sense hazy daylight vanishing
Beyond the sun's last ray
While tall night hours assume the watch,
Each taciturn and gray.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Grace Stillman Minck.*
"Stardust."

CAMOUFLAGE

Below a frozen sheet of light
There lies the lake. Its mask of white
Stares like a woman's face,
Whose powdered surface would conceal
The restlessness of fettered zeal
Her outer charms embrace.

The Shaker Heights Journal.
(Cleveland, Ohio.) *Miriam Dean Blackburn.*
"Pen Points."

MOVING

Now with Mars in belligerent reign,
I must move all my castles from Spain.
I shall set them down safely in Greece
Where, at present, there's nation-wide peace.

The Shaker Heights Journal.
(Cleveland, Ohio.) *Clara McClean.*
"Pen Points."

BROTHERHOOD

Thongs of sympathy
So bind my brother's life to mine,
That when his days, devoid of freedom,
Go leaden-weighted in grey file
Behind steel bars of justice,
I, too, go prisoner along with him.

When hunger wracks his body,
And I hear his weakened cry for food,
My bread becomes a stone . . .
My drink a poisoned draught.

A haunting fear possesses me,
For when I see him thinly clad and cold,
Though my own raiment now suffices,
I know before the day is done,
I shall go naked in the wind,
And shiver with my brother
In the gale.

The Spanish Democracy.
(Manila, P. I.) *Helen Miller Lehman.*

SONG

I wrote a song one sunny day,
One windy day in June—
I wrote a song as light as dream,
And bright as a new moon.

I made it gay with clover,
Told things the robins tell,
Wove in a thread of sunshine—
I wrote my song too well

For just as I was finished
The June wind whisked the thing
Away from me, to make a new
Hair ribbon for the Spring.

Betty Lee Middlebrook.

The Springfield (Mo.) News.
"Hillbilly Heartbeats."

FRIENDSHIP

I count among the fairest things of earth
A friend—whose pure affinity of soul
One early craves for company as roll
The years, faster and more complex—the girth
Of life—Life that is promising at birth,
That ends a pilgrimage, as friends well know,
Wherein what matters most is aim. Altho
One fail, it cannot damn the seeker's worth . . .

A friend stands by with one to win or lose—
Such is the blessed manifestation
Of friendship's spirit anointing life's way;
And privileged is he who can array,
Thru its rare and enduring gift to use,
A life-time friend beside him when all's done.

The Staples (Minn.) World. *Fay Willoughby.*

DEMOCRACY

A grandfather sat in a rustic chair,
Two pattering feet came by.
"Ho-ho!" said the old man. "Who comes there?"
And a child's voice answered, "I."

"And who am I?" the elder said;
Tell me your mission, I pray."
Then velvet fingers kissed his head
While he dreamed of a better day.

* * * *

"I am a dream on the World's highway.
Though human and incomplete.
Kings marvel at my power to sway;
Lords tremble at my feet.

"From dawn of day to the eventide,
Through thick and grinding din,
I marshall hosts where seas divide
And tides come rushing in.

"I take up a work you leave undone.
With a will that is quick and strong
I finish the task your sires begun
With a glad victorious song!"

* * * *

The dream? A sequel of Now and Then;
Democracy in its prime,
On the long, long trail while the sons of men
Press on with the flight of time.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. *George D. Craig.*
"Worthwhile Verse."

TRIUMVIRATE

Thanksgiving Day is rich in lore.
Its proclamation stirs anew
With gracious words of thanks and praise
For bounteous gifts, and dreams come true.

Heroic men, they were—who dreamed
And worked, to give this nation birth
That faith, goodwill and freedom
Should not perish from the earth.

A flag, as symbol of these aims
Was born in great travail
Red, White, and Blue combined to form
The banner we now hail.

Both Washington and Lincoln,
In Thanksgiving Proclamation
Thanked God for aid, establishing
Our struggling little nation.

Thus, God—our nation—Thanksgiving—
Together are enframed;
Let flags fly on this holiday
That such may be proclaimed!

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. *Norma Dodson.*
"Worthwhile Verse."

"BEING FRIENDS"

Just having a Friend—is a wonderful thing,
A Friend who will understand—
Will tune to music each quivering heart string
With the touch of an unseen hand.

Just being a Friend—is a beautiful thing,
To know someone trusts in you—
Will pour love's balm on hearts that sting
From a heart warm, tender, true.

Just "Being Friends"—is a sacred thing,
How sweet is this thought today—
He calls us His Friends, our Heavenly King,
As He walks by our side all the way.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. Jessie Bell Thabes.
"Worthwhile Verse."

I FOUND HIM

I found Him in the simple things
And in the song a mother sings;
I found Him in a precious thought
And in kind deeds some soul has wrought.

I found Him in the flower bloom
Upon the sill within my room,
And in the warbling of some bird,
And in some stranger's tender word!

I found Him when no others could
In tiny things both pure and good;
And now I am quite satisfied
To find Christ near on every side!

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. Roy Eddy.
"Worthwhile Verse."

THANKS FOR THE FLAG

Let the flag wave. The winds of the world
Will swing it out free wherever unfurled.

No need to flaunt it in the face of a foe,
Or shame it in streets where sword-rattlers go.

Keep it a symbol of Freedom's high creed:
The friendship of nations—Earth's greatest need.

Exalt it in peace to the stars in the blue;
And fear not for it when war-clouds brew.

Call it heaven's gift when brave men pray,
It will then float in honor on Thanksgiving Day.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. *W. C. A. Wallar.*
"Worthwhile Verse."

OCTOBER CHILD

I had forgotten the child that used to be,
Who loved to dress up in Granny's feather ruff,
Her dolman, earrings, making boldly free
With ruffled petticoat and astrakan muff—
I had forgotten until I saw the tree,
The littlest maple, scarcely two feet tall,
Absurdly wearing her Granny's Paisley shawl!

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. *Nell Mabey.*
"Worthwhile Verse."

REMORSE

Only yesterday I said,
"I should walk down to visit her
She's been so long a-bed."

But other tasks seemed more
Important, and I thought
I'll stop another time, and passed her door.

Today I filled my arms with purple lilac bloom,
And went to sit with her a while—
To find her lying in the candle lighted gloom.

Frances March Davy.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times.
"Worthwhile Verse."

CHRIST THE ENDURING

A world in darkness save for generous stars,
Such stars as heard of old the voice supreme
High above chaos and the mortal dream;
High above greed, and the treachery that scars
Its own heart deepest. Even the sword of Mars
Hears and has heard that voice, and in the gleam
And maddening clouds of death the master theme
Rises to break, like suns, life's sullen bars.
Beatific night—night wreathed and love-caressed,
Under your bright winged potencies, I feel
The warm embrace of throngs unseen, and lest
They vanish with the candles I appeal
To those eternal forces Christ has blessed—
Fond ministries no darkness may conceal.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press. Robert Cary.

FRANKENSTEIN

O monster, horrible and grim
By our own heedless hands created!
Eyes shooting fire, flash on flash
From gleaming sockets, barrels of guns.
With deadly, stifling breath of poisonous gases
And bony fingers reaching out to clutch
All human forms, not scattered long ere this,
In bleeding fragments over a land once fair
But now a smoking, treeless desolation,
Where shell-holes, horrid mouths without a tongue
Strive vainly to repeat their piteous tale.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press. Agnes B. Davis.

INVENTORY—1918-1938

There's little you have missed,—from each fetid sty
Where men collect, comes the old porcine sound.
Still do the gentle poor from hunger die;
Still they complain where luxuries abound—
He with a dream is rich, the rich are poor.
Lust prospers, rape is rife, bewildered youth
Insensible to Virtue, lose the spoor
Of their forefathers—still the sidereal truth
Is hidden by the phosphorescent life
Which, will-o'-the-wisp-like, leads mankind astray.
Still Greed goes masked as "love-of-country." Why
Men still go forth their fellowman to slay
As in the days of Cyclops, not one knows.
There's little, save the lilac trees in Spring,
There's little you have missed,—except the rose,
Except the sweep of the purple martin's wing.

The Stratford (Iowa) Courier. Beryl V. Thompson.

MARSH FIRE

I wear my laughter as a cloak
To shut the world away;
A shimmering cloak of yellow gold
To hide the sombre gray.

Some kindly hand with good intent
Might pull the cloak aside,
And so I gaily pirouette
And spin my laughter wide—

I could not bear to have you know
That I am old and hollow . . .
So, a bright and shining cloak of mirth—
Marshfire for you to follow.

Josephine Ingram.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

BEATEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE

Earth. I creep back to you
Beaten and stripped,
Thrown aside wounded,
Broken . . . wing-clipped
Lean as a wolf,
Bleak and alone
As a sea-bitten spar,
As a picked bone.
To all living things
You are the mother!
Now I return to you
From the world-smother.
I come to you hungry—
I come to you cold . . .
It does not move you
Who are wise, who are old.
Three things I bring you,
One seed of grain,
My cupped hands,
And my soul's pain . . .
Your deep passion
I shall surprise
When I am old,
When I am wise.

Marietta Conway Kennard.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

DANCE OF THE IGORROTES

Hear the thrumming and the drumming of an eerie
savage beat,
And the strumming of a primitive guitar?
Oh, the movement in the moonlight of possessed and
wary feet
Makes me shiver where the purple orchids are.

Eleanor Eastwood Downing.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

GHOST-DOG

I hear your whine upon the breeze
That roves at night from overseas—
And feel your nose against my hand
To comfort me in No-Man's Land.
I see you, wraith-like, in the fog
On trackless march . . . a battle-dog!

No need to tell you, "Follow through,"
Courageous soldier such as you . . .
You stayed with me in mud and shell
Caring not if Heaven or Hell
Was being dealt in bursting flare
So long as my hand touched your hair.

Tonight your foot-steps trailed me home
As if you knew I was alone
And needed you as in the past,
Beside me—Buddies to the last!
Your deathless spirit pulled me through
And I am here instead of you—

Ghost-dog, why do you haunt me so
When it has been so long ago?

C. Burgess Strong.

The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

CHINA ADOPTS THE POLICY OF THE SCORCHED LAND

What lurid circlings of noise
Burn across the face of dawning!
How dark the smoke upon the blotted sun!
How black the soot of sorrow
Fallen on the land!
Rouse out! O dull and wondering eyes!
Meet smoke with smoke;
Greet the crimson thrust of flame
With sodden ash.

Search out the cock
Whose morning voice sticks in his throat;
He shall not grease aggression's pot.
Drive out the ox;
Feed the straw to licking tongues of fire;
Stamp the pale grass into the soil;
Let barren stinking mire of long fields
Be quicklime on the feet of avarice.
Let the smoldering lava of destruction
Cover the hearthstone
To burn the foraging hand of lust.

Shoulder the babe . . .
Turn hopeless feet into the old, old way
Of hunger, and look not back
Upon the naked land.
Pull the ash-flaked garment closer
Against the fingered wind.
But it is not wind
That chills the blood
And beats sword-sharp against the heart . . .
No, it is not wind.

Queena Davidson Miller.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

DEATH TAKES WINGS

Dread angels of death and of doom they came
Where night and the breath of fear lay dank
On the darkened streets. We sobbed the Name
In the futile hush, and warm life shrank . . .

Is war for mothers and babes? Have we,
Then, taken the sword that red death came
To reap with a sword . . . that there should be
In the huddled yard a geyser of flame . . .

Myron McWhinney.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

MADRIGAL

Who says that flowers do not sing?
A very madrigal of spring
Bursts like some snow-born Pentecost
From startled spruce-buds, green in frost.
The small spice pinks are sweet and quaint
With songs of yesterday; and faint
As remembered love in after years
The lilt of hawthorn heard with tears.
With caressing melody the rose
Can soothe; and quietly there flows
To him a deep and peaceful calm
Who hears white lilies chant their psalm.

Ethelyn Miller Hartwich.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

FLIGHT OF THE BOMBERS

Far against the blue expanse,
Like imagined circumstance,
Row on row, the Bombers range,
Bend the pattern, shift and change;
Power such as planets know
Keeps them in that ordered row.
Then the roaring, then the drumming—
Prophecy of what is coming.
Beauty held there by a breath,
Yet I feel them dropping death!

Genneva Dickey Watson.
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

DEFEAT IN AMERICA

Jefferson Crowley, a young man still,
Built his house on a high green hill,
And fourscore slaves obeyed his will.
Hedge and wall and rail by hand

Marked the boundary of Crowley land,
But that was very long ago.
A hundred Aprils have melted snow;
Jeff's great-granddaughter bows her head
And stands in a pauper-line for bread.

Laura Turnidge Stevens.

The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse."

NIRVANA

You will never hurt me
Again . . .
Empty as an old tomb
Is my heart, and dead
Within it as dry bones
Are memories of your love
And words you whispered
In the scented stillness
Of winter nights.

Beat upon me with hammers!
Pierce my numbed flesh
With all the spears and arrows
Your scorn can mold and sharpen!
You will wring from me
No cry of pain, no tears,
No plea to stay your hand.

If it be that one small ember
Should stir to flame
Within the cold and silent tomb
Which is my heart,
Its name is not Remorse,
But Pity . . .

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Alma Johnson.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

DANCE OF THE LITTLE RED GODS

The little red gods of War and Hate
Look down on the earth once more,
Laughing and shrieking in savage glee
To the bomb and cannon roar.

"Peace be on earth and good will to men"—
An old but forgotten thought,
For little red gods are driving now
The sheep to the slaughter-lot.

Time seems near for the little red gods
To rule on the earth once more,
Dancing and singing in company
To the blasting roar of war.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Charles E. Crozier.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

SUCH AS I HAVE

I cannot give thee gold, my friend,
When I have none to give.
I have no gems nor lands to share
Nor house where you could live;
The things I have to offer thee—
Like water in a sieve—
Are evanescent rainbows—
Beauty fugitive.

I cannot give thee gold, my friend,
For I have none to give.
But after all, gold cannot buy
A deep desire to live:
The thrill of life is more to me
Than gems or lands to own—
I'd give thee joy and love and peace
Rather than a throne.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Margaret Hamlett.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

COURAGE

Courage! how we rise to its appeal
As we see it flame in an intrepid breast,
Flinging itself with passion in a quest
Forlorn (or so it seems to us who feel
With creeping pulse to the look, the word, the deed
Against evil in our midst.) However, the salute
To that we lack of man's first attribute
Must leave the poorest spirit more bravely keyed.

For it's a cleansing ferment in the heart,
This yeasting-up to their fortitude who fight;
Who open with the pen's scalpel poisonous growth
Within the body-politic to the light;
Who against bribe and threat and the heavy sloth
Of the dead past maintain their resolute part.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *D. Sanial Gill.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

WORDS OF BEAUTY

In strength and quietness. These have the tone
Of organ music when white stars are sown
Across blue fields of sky; tranquillity
Of early dawn beneath a flowering tree.
They have the beauty of red roses grown
Beside a wall. A trumpet echo blown
From some far distant valley where alone
We faced defeat and won the victory
In strength and quietness.
If what I build down through the years, my own
High citadel of dreams; bulwarks of stone
To hold ideals beyond reach of the sea
That breaks and surges at my feet should be
Less lovely than I planned, let it atone
In strength and quietness.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Virginia Eaton.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA SPEAKS

Let the tumult and the shouting cease:
Our lands have been given over, that no blood be shed—
There will be no dead—
We have purchased peace.

Now let there be no further fear of the fighting and dying—
Let the men go back to the fields, and the cannon rust;
Though our lips taste dust,
There will be no sound in the lands of women crying.

Let the shouting cease, let the tumult die away;
Go back to your daily tasks, there is naught to fear—
Though the price of peace is dear,
We will pray.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Eva Byron.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

WIDOW IN DEED

She could not weep when her husband died
For she learned the meaning of crucified
But she sat dead calm in his regular chair
And felt his arms around her there.
She held his watch and his ring in her hand
And prayed for the power to understand
The meaning of death—why one so young
Had to leave with his melody but half sung.
Her neighbors and friends said to go away—
That time would soften the lump of clay
That she called her heart—that the pain would cease
And she would find laughter and love and peace;
But she sat in his chair and remembered he
Knew nothing at all of a word called "flee,"
That laughter and love and peace some day
Might come, but not if she ran away.

So she loved his chair and his watch and his ring,
His home, his children and everything
They had shared together, and every night
She knelt and prayed to be guided right.
She'd smile in the dark and blow him a kiss,
And say, "Dearest dear, would you have me like this?"
So she carried on and found new pride
In the things he had loved—because—he died.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Bernice Logan.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

WHATNOT SHELVES

Whatnot shelves in the corners hold
Trinkets of ivory, glass and gold;
And Life, Ah! Life is a whatnot shelf
Displaying fragments of one's own self.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
"The Gulf Gleam."

THE HYPOCRITE

Why should I make the world believe I do not care?
It is a thankless task.

My troubles mount like all the rest,
Who cry theirs out on someone's breast;
I want to shout about my woe,
And let them see the tears that flow.

I want to talk about the bills unpaid,
And tell the plans I have mislaid;
The next unfortunate who comes my way,
Will have to listen to my doleful lay.

Here comes one! I'll tell the story of my fate,
As long as I can make them wait;
They start their tale of woe right at the door,
I listen and consider them a bore;

Then when they ask me for my share,
I don a smiling mask.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Grace H. Thomas.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

A CAMP AT DUSK

The little Seminole mother leans
To peer at a tiny, swarthy face,
Outlined with strength and beauty rare,
The lasting pride of a worthy race.

Hinting of days which have gone before,
Of a well-marked trail, and an open plain,
Of a signal fire upon a hill,
Of a comrade sun, and a friendly rain.

Of a camp at dusk, by a low-hung moon,
And a bird's shrill cry through the lonely night,
While songs of the hunter, rich with spoils,
Presaged the first, uncertain light.

The Indian mother smiles, and rests
Her hand on the hair which darkens round
Eyes as bright as the braves', long-closed,
Which searched for a happy hunting ground.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Josephine Brees.*
"The Gulf Gleam."

CONDOLENCE

How did you know that she had gone from me?
You wrote as though I had communed with you.
You took the words from out my heart you see,
For I had dreamed . . . and in my dreaming too,
Had sensed her presence here within this room.
Ah well, how futile to attempt to stay
The hand that weaves the woof, some gold . . . some gray.
You say you also knew a love that's flown.
Was death your rival? Better thus than life.

It seems that we a mutual loss have known
That bows the spirit . . . or engenders strife.
. . . How did you know, please tell me, by the way,
She left me for another yesterday?

The Washington (Iowa) Journal. *Dorothy Keene.*

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

Quite drunk with the wine from the vessel of youth
They come to the threshold of life
And gaze on a world that is torn by the greed
Of war lords whose music is strife.

Then, startled, they turn to the warm arms of love,
Though not to beget, for escape
From anguish and death is the nectar they sip,
They have no desire to reshape

The image of one, who through love, may face Hell,
As they, who have entered the gate.
So reckless and beautiful, they compromise—
Sad children, refusing to hate.

The Washington (D. C.) Post. *Ina Draper DeFoe.*
"Contributed Verse."

BRINGING UP

He is ten years old. At his mother's knee
He learned his devotion and how to pray.
He likewise learned of pirates on the sea,
Of hold-up men and thieves who rob and slay,
Of kings and queens, of warriors bold and brave
Of Bible heroes; heaven's mighty rod—
The right to torture foes, to kill a slave,
The endless hatred credited to God.

He got his facts on love from movie drool
The underhanded sex-depraving rot.
He learned that gold made up the golden rule;
That honor follows those who spoil and plot.

He dreams of how to take one for a "ride"
And thinks the racketeer is truly brave.
His toys are guns; his parents watch with pride
Assured that prayer will counteract and save.

The West Los Angeles (Calif.) Independent.
Jack Greenberg.
"Bright Mosaic."

TREES

The trees
That blow at night
Like sullen, blackened ghosts—
Are they in mourning, too, for their
Lost youth?

Edythe Hope Genee.
The West Los Angeles (Calif.) Independent.
"Bright Mosaic."

HOSPITALITY

My palms
Stand straight and proud
With heads held high, to see
The lonely traveler on the road
And welcome him.

Ann Foster Ellis.
The West Los Angeles (Calif.) Independent.
"Bright Mosaic."

NOCTURNE IN SILVER

Against the moon-rayed shore the breakers curled
In foamy silver sound, and overhead
The southern constellations blazed and purled
Their argent symphony, while shadows fled.
The song of night and all its ancient wonder
Was held within this nocturne of the sea—
With minor chords to tear the heart asunder.

Etta Josephean Murfey.
The West Los Angeles (Calif.) Independent.
"Bright Mosaic."

ROMANCE OF THE RAIN

Soft-falling rain beats on my window pane
As though caressing fingers lingered there.
The gentle sigh of wind brings back again
Old memories of rain-drenched summer air,
When in the years, long gone and far away
You came one night and sat before my fire.
We watched the dancing flames in glad array,
Like fairies in the dance of Heart's Desire.

You whispered words of love and happiness,
We planned a home, a garden and a car;
You held me in your arms and turned to press
A kiss upon my lips, but now afar
You wander in the outer spirit-land:
I thought I felt your kiss upon my hand.

Olive Scott Stainsby.

The West Los Angeles (Calif.) Independent.
"Bright Mosaic."

AWARENESS

Every tree to heaven aspiring
Points its tender tips for power,
Sensitive to all inspiring
Currents of the passing hour.

Roots spread outward, down around
Tender tips in search of power,
Feeling through the living ground
For the moisture of the shower.
So may we keep fresh and tender
Roots and spires of searching thought,
Taking power from the Sender
Through the beauty He has wrought.

Sam Bryan.

The Wisconsin State (Madison, Wis.) Journal.
"The Rambler."

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